

No. LIV.

THE

APRIL, 1895.

# Manchester Quarterly



AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

OF

LITERATURE AND ART.

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PUBLISHED FOR

THE MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB

BY

JOHN HEYWOOD,

DEANS GATE AND RIDGEFIELD, MANCHESTER.

2, AMEN CORNER, LONDON, E.C.

22, PARADISE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

33, BRIDGE STREET, BRISTOL.

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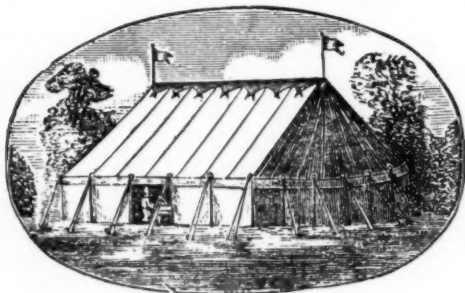
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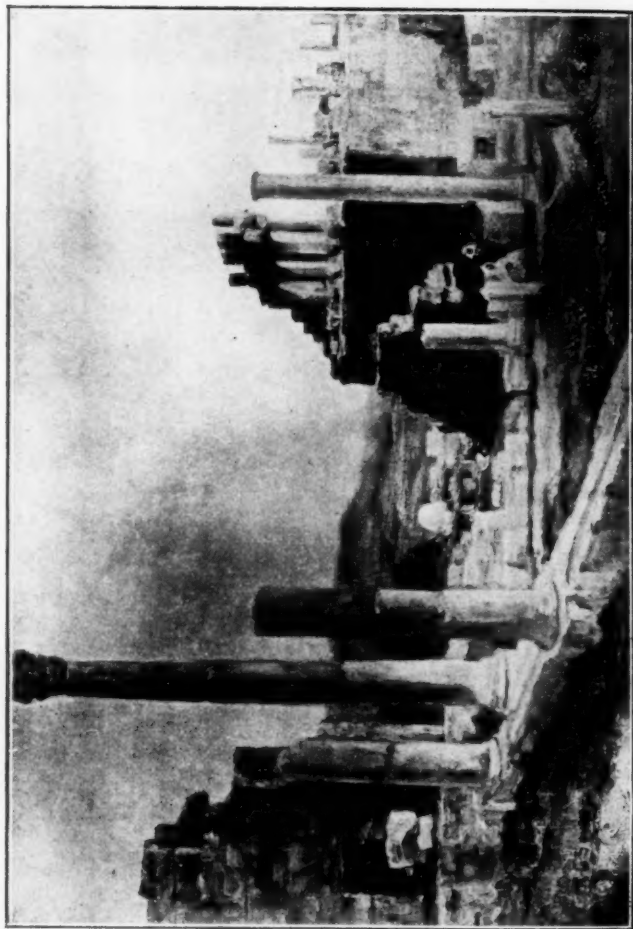
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## SOME PHASES IN THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BY JAMES T. FOARD.

SO very many memoirs of this, one of the most attractive and picturesque personalities of our island story, have been at different times presented, that I at once disclaim the suggestion of "yet another biography," or of an intention to present the hero's life, even abridged or in epitome. An accurate, discriminating, and sympathetic history of his versatile career has yet to be written, and I certainly have no ambition, if I had the resources or necessary qualifications, which, it is needless to say, I have not, to undertake the task or duty of accomplishing it. My purpose is to advert episodically to some of the less known and least regarded features, incidents, and characteristics of the life of this most erratic, brilliant, and distinguished Englishman. The sketch I thus offer will of necessity be neither orderly nor comprehensive, for the space at my disposal would not suffice for even an imperfect picture of so varied and adventurous a career, and the outline will consist rather of a series, if such a term can be applied when there is no sequence, of facts and incidents, of phases and aspects of his changeful life. His position as courtier, merchant adventurer, historian, and state prisoner have been sufficiently illustrated. The

THE MANCHESTER QUARTERLY. No. LIV., APRIL, 1895.

purpose now is to present some of the shadows rather than the lights of his life. To give a silhouette, rather than a miniature; and show the proud and arrogant statesman and soldier—the favourite of the Virgin Queen—not in the sun of his splendour, but in eclipse; not as the idol of the court, but as the fallen Heathen Dagon—bruised and broken beyond hope of recognition.

About Raleigh's sad and chequered life—for it was sad, in spite of its successes—there is something of the glamour of romance. It was a life of paradox and enterprise, of fierce contrasts and savage reverses; but with all its odd and conflicting demands on our attention, it, like that of one of the fallen angels in Milton, possessed a charm, which its misfortunes have not dimmed, and its virtues could not have attained. Learned, valiant, and wise, we know that during his life he achieved little beyond personal dislike, and even the repute of being "the best hated man in the realm." Splendid in his tastes, magnificent—almost imperial—in his affluence, he was, as we know, sordid, designing, and avaricious. His unpopularity in life ended with his martyrdom, and his memory was speedily canonised by a succeeding generation, Milton being one of his most fervent admirers. Thus the "History of the World," an imperfect and fragmentary book, ran through many editions, and the last hundred and fifty years have produced a very hecatomb of biographies, reviews, and criticisms of Raleigh's life, adventures, and character, which as much err in laudation and worship, as the estimate of his contemporaries erred in savage censure and condemnation.

About Raleigh's career and rise there was something of Ixion's fortune. The younger son of a poor scion of an honourable and decayed house, which had probably been reduced to the pursuit of trade, almost the first appear-

ance he makes in the page of history was as the favourite of well-nigh the most exclusive and proudest Queen embalmed in the chronicles.

It is true that Elizabeth attracted many men to her service. That she had in succession, and at various periods, a diversity of lovers and admirers whom she appeared to esteem and honour, and some especial favourites, generally men of courage and capacity; but, even in her selection of these, she was proud and exclusive. Her nearest intimates and closest allies were, with a few exceptions, her kin in blood. The Howards, the Knollys, the Devereux, the Careys, and Harringtons, were all relatives. Burleigh and his son Robert, Blount, Sydney, Walsingham, Throckmorton, were old and tried servants of distinguished or of ancient families. Leicester, her first favourite, was of a noble house. Hatton and Raleigh were exceptions. Undeniable capacity, coupled with more than ordinarily attractive persons, served to exalt them to the pinnacles of fortune of the time. Hatton, without being a great, was a popular Chancellor; but his position in the royal favour never touched that which, between 1580-86 and 1597-1600, Raleigh seems to have enjoyed. For a part of this period he enjoyed a confidence which neither the long services of Burleigh nor the affectionate intimacy of Leicester had secured them. It is true he was not made of the Privy Council, but he was often consulted; had great interests and powers confided to him, was Captain of the Royal Guard, Admiral of the Western Seas, Seneschal of the Stannaries, and received enormous presents of land and money. Beyond this, moreover, he was *per saltum* raised over the heads of the wisest statesmen and half of the noblest aristocracy in the realm.

About this sudden and cometary career, which for a time blazed like a cresset in the sky, there was something

as I have said of Ixion's fortune—of Ixion's fate. Born in a small farmhouse, as far as we can fix the date with certainty—for there seems some uncertainty surrounding it—about the year 1552, at Hayes Barton, near the watering place and in the parish of Budleigh Salterton, in Devon, he was certainly introduced into the world with little presage, in his father's fortune and position, of his future fate. Well connected as his father was, and allied both by his wife's and his own family with all the most notable and, in that sense, distinguished families in Devon, he was of broken fortune, and probably an unprosperous, certainly an undistinguished, man. By his father's side Raleigh was connected with the Edgecumbes and the Ferrers. By his mother's, who was a Champernon, with the Carews, Careys, Courtenays, Russells, Howards, and Gilberts. One of his aunts, Lady Katherine Ashley, a Somerset by connexion, had been the companion and bed-fellow of Elizabeth while she was a prisoner as the ward of Somerset\*; and to this accident, rather than to the possibly apocryphal incident of the cloak, which, however, was not inconsistent with Raleigh's resourceful character, was perhaps due his first introduction at Court. For a time, however, he served a severe apprenticeship in service in the wars; led thither, no doubt, by his adventurous, energetic, and bold nature, as well as by his hardly less desperate fortune, first to employment under Sydney in the Low Countries, and subsequently in Ireland. His half brother—his father married thrice, and he was a fourth son of the third marriage—was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the famous adventurer and naval captain. He was also first cousin to the heroic Sir Richard Greville, whose exploits as captain of the *Revenge*, with his tragic death, form one of the most striking and picturesque features in

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\* HAYNES. "State Papers," p. 99.

the glories of our early maritime annals. This fight occurred on the 10th September, 1591, and, although anticipating a little, it may be mentioned that Raleigh's first appearance as an author was in the account he furnished in the November of the same year, of the great fight of the Revenge.

After three years spent at Oriel College, Oxford, which he left when 17, without taking his degree, that is, in 1568 or 1569, we find him fighting as a soldier under his kinsman Champernon in the Protestant cause in Flanders. In the beginning of 1569, or in March of that year, he was under the command of Conde. In the following October he was in the two calamitous engagements which ended so disastrously under Coligny at Moncontour. He is alleged to have been present in Paris at the massacre of St. Bartholomew on the 24th of August, 1572,\* but of this there is no proof, and the suggestion seems certainly doubtful. Of these intervening years between his campaigning life and his next appearance above the horizon of history, little is known. In 1576, as we know from a sonnet which he contributed to Gascoigne's *Steel Glass*, he was a student of law, though on his trial† he denied the suggestion that he was skilled in its sciences. In this poetic effusion he wrote himself "of the Middle Temple," and as we know now from later biographies, the date of his entry as a member of the Inn is placed beyond doubt, and if he did not practise or study jurisprudence, he was certainly a member of the Inn, though never called to the degree of an Utter Barrister. In 1578, when the English under Sir John Norris achieved a great victory over Spain, he was serving as a naval volunteer under his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in a privateering or quasi-piratical

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\* 31st August, O.S.

† State Trials, 1603, Vol. II., p. 2.

expedition, directed nominally as a voyage of discovery to Newfoundland. He is moreover traced about this time, "his restless soul again in arms," fighting on land in the Low Countries against Don John of Austria, but of his various adventures or exploits unfortunately we have no record save casual references in his "History of the World" which suggest his acquaintance with practical warfare in the open field.

It is only from the year 1580, when he was about 28 years of age, that we are able to trace consecutively his career. In July of that year we know from the State Papers he was on active service, drawing pay as a captain of a company, in what was known then as the Desmond's country, viz., in the province of Munster in the south-east of Ireland and on the banks of the River Blackwater. He was under the command of Lord Grey de Wilton, the President of Munster, and was later on engaged in active warfare against the Spaniards and Italian troops, who had been sent over on Irish and Jesuit invitation to fight against the Protestant cause in that province. Raleigh's life up to this period had certainly not been that of a courtier or carpet knight. He must have tasted privation and misery, in most of the forms in which it is offered to a soldier, in a forlorn and desperate and sometimes failing cause. He had had already nearly eleven years of adventure on many fields of warfare, on sea and on land, as a practical leader of men. In February, 1580, when he went first into Ireland, as he reached Cork about the 22nd, a great part of that unhappy country, or to speak more accurately, a great mass of its numerous counties, was in active rebellion. A large detachment of troops, chiefly Spanish and Italian mercenaries subsidised by Philip of Spain, had landed at Smerwick in Kerry, and had there erected a fort, which was to form a *tête du pont*

for the further colonisation of that rebellious district. This brigade was well supplied with arms and all the necessary munitions of war for a much larger force of troops, which had been promised and was in preparation.\* With these Italian and Spanish filibusters, sent over at the instigation of Allen and Sanders, the two most active Jesuit intriguers, relations were entered into by the disaffected, and in one sense oppressed, Catholics in England. It was, no doubt, a wise scheme to weaken and divert the forces of Government by this removed show of invasion and the terrors and expenditure of actual war, and from the time Raleigh landed, he found ample scope in the nature of the service demanded of his active and energetic nature, with its severe experiences and hardships, to task all his resources and activity.

From Pursey Head to Benmore Point, from the Causeway to Cape Clear, the land was either in smouldering rebellion or ablaze. In the South, from the most westerly points of Kerry, the flame was burning high, and it is at this period and during this campaign, that the first shade of disgrace and discredit falls over the fame of Raleigh. Here, indeed, the occasion was given to his enemies, who hated him as the active enemy of Spain and of the Catholic cause, to add shade to shade to calumny, and thus blacken his memory beyond all fact or recognition.

The late Sir John Pope Hennessey, a civil servant of the Crown, greatly endowed with dignities and rewarded as a strong partisan Romanist politician, published in the *Nineteenth Century* in November, 1881, an article afterwards enlarged into a volume,† and written

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\* There were arms for 5,000 men.

† "Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland," Macmillan, 1883. Chapter X. is headed, "Sir Walter Raleigh practises Assassination"; Chapter XI., "Queen Elizabeth sanctions Assassination."

from the purely Irish and Catholic point of view, condemning with especial malignity, and, I think, considerable unfairness, Raleigh's character. I am not Raleigh's defender. I am not his admirer. But the opportunity of assailing Elizabeth and her Protestant policy through Raleigh was too good to be lost. Under the title of "Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland," a semi-gossiping article was issued which certainly blackens and vilifies the character of its hero to the extent of the author's ability. Its purport was to prove Raleigh a mean and treacherous assassin. Every scandal, every suggestion of wanton cruelty or perfidy that could be made was either insinuated or declared to blast Raleigh's name and memory. Raleigh's was no perfect or chivalrous nature. He was, though wiser than most men in his age, no better, either in morals or manners, than the times in which he lived, but he certainly did not justly deserve the accumulated infamy which Sir John has attempted to fasten on his fame.

This magazine article, even in its expanded form, as is in the preceding note recorded, might well have been allowed to fall into a deserved obscurity. Unluckily, however, in 1892, Mr. Stebbing, who bears an honoured name in literature, in a life of Raleigh, chose to adopt some of its fables, and accept some of its fictional pictures as fact.

Undoubtedly, tested by the usages of war of the nineteenth century and the morality which professedly is now claimed for public life, Raleigh could not be considered faultless. He was a man of the day. He was engaged in fighting men at least as unscrupulous, often more treacherous, than himself. The modes of warfare sanctioned by Spain against the Dutch and in the Low Countries, and in France against the Protestants, to their savage massacre and extinction, were hardly likely to



engender beneficence, or even humanity, in war. Hence, as a soldier, a copyist and follower of the traditions of recognised warfare, Raleigh might be, by modern standards, justly subject to censure. But the reasons which might well have animated Sir John Hennessey in vilifying and traducing Elizabeth, the excommunicated heretic and enemy of his church (albeit he was at the time the governor of an important English colony), might well have been discriminated by Mr. Spedding. He, at any rate, was not under the same obligation to distort history or misrepresent the English, and had not the same temptation to picturesque malignity and religious bigotry as the essayist. Before passing on to the lighter and more pleasing aspects of Raleigh's character as poet and author as that which chiefly interests us, I feel constrained to episodically explain this incident at greater length than would be otherwise necessary, from respect to the memory, thus unjustly traduced, of the great adventurer.

In the year 1569 Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half brother, had served under the Lord-General of Munster. He had there conducted himself with the harsh severity, military promptitude, and thoroughness which so delighted Mr. Carlyle when criticising military operations. He slew, in his own words, "all those that did belong to, feed, accompany, or maintain any outlaws or traitors," and in attacking any fort or castle, if it did not yield on summons, he would not after accept it as a gift, but took it by storm, "how many lives soever it cost, putting man, woman, and child of them to the sword." This is the soldier's own account of it in a letter to Sydney ("Edwards's Life of Raleigh," V. II., pp. 2 and 12), and illustrates with what severity, and even barbarity, war was, as in the Netherlands, carried on in Ireland.

In 1580, in July, Raleigh appears to have entered on service in Munster. The Rebellion, which had broken out in 1579, in the autumn, on some internecine war between the Geraldines and the Butlers, had found Raleigh still engaged in his schemes of maritime adventure and discovery. In May of this year he was fitting out an expedition, with his brother Sir Humphrey Gilbert, for the colonisation of Virginia. One of the first entries, if not the first of note, in the State Papers refers to a letter from the Lords of the Council, of the date 28th May, 1579, enjoining both the adventurers to at once surcease from their enterprise. Raleigh was then at Dartmouth. Foiled in this adventure, "adventures being to the adventurous," he entered upon Irish service, but when, or at what precise date, we do not know. He appears certainly in Munster, as above recorded, in 1580, and in November of that year occurred that incident which, to blacken his memory, is generally charged against him as a disgraceful act, and which has, on that account, been so frequently dilated and dwelt on by his enemies.

At this time, viz.: in November, Lord Grey of Wilton was Lord Deputy of Munster, and Thomas Butler, Earl of Ormond, Lord General of the Forces. Upon the latter had fallen the duty of extinguishing the flame "which was like to spread in every quarter of the realm, raised by the Geraldines in the neighbouring counties." An attack both by sea and land was made on the fort Del-Ore, on the coast of Kerry, in Dingle Bay, which was garrisoned by some 600 filibusters, Spanish and Italian, and a proportion of Irish. The garrison being challenged and refusing to surrender, the fort was besieged both by sea and land for some days, the English troops being under the command of the Deputy, Lord Grey, in person. The sea forces were led by Sir Wm. Winter and Vice-Admiral Sir Richard

Bingham, who was the second in command. After some days' siege the garrison was twice summoned, but refused to submit. Assault was then attempted, and on the third day a breach was made, at which Captains Raleigh and Mackworth were able with their troops to enter. An appeal for mercy was then tendered, and a white flag hung out, but according to Holinshed, the Lord Deputy refused to listen. He would have nothing less than an absolute surrender. The officers and those who could pay ransom were saved and afterwards sent to England. The rest of the garrison was put to the sword. It was alleged at the time, and was but too probable, that the Italian troops were chiefly convicts and criminals liberated from prisons with a promise of pardon by the Pope to fight in this religious crusade in Ireland. Whatever they were, with the exception of those referred to, they were undoubtedly put to the sword.

At the time, Vice-Admiral Bingham, in his report to the Earl of Leicester, mentioned that the massacre was not intentional or devised, but was in effect an accident. The garrison surrendered "to have mercy or no mercy, at my Lord's will, as he should think well. But in the meantime a number of mariners on the side next the sea, broke into the fort, and with the soldiery fell to plundering and spoiling and killing to the number of five or six hundred, who were thus slain." Lord Grey in his despatch assumed the responsibility of the act. He admits the number slain. Those that were saved were bestowed upon the captains and gentlemen (as prize) who had well deserved. Raleigh appears to have taken no further or greater part in the undertaking than the rest of the soldiery, or than his colleague Mackworth. Bingham was the only man praised, presumably for his zeal, by the Deputy, and this, so far as authentic history is concerned, seems the head and front of Raleigh's offending.

Spenser, the poet, who was, if not actually on the spot at the time, as secretary to the Lord Deputy, in full possession of the facts, says that the plea for mercy was denied, for the offenders slain "could neither offer the custom of war nor the law of nations in their behalf." They were not lawful enemies. They had no commission to present to show why they were in a foreign country's dominion, then at peace with their own government. They alleged they came on the invitation of the Desmonds. The Deputy said these were but rebels and traitors, in arms against their Queen, and that this was no excuse. There were 1,500 rebels in arms at hand and 3,000 carbines ready to join the garrison from Spain if they had succeeded, and Spenser himself justified the act as one of inevitable necessity.

This is the incident on which the Catholic historians have fixed to assail the memory of Raleigh, and which Sir John Hennessey, with picturesque exaggeration and Milesian political and partisan embellishment, has decanted on to further vilify the dead man's memory, merely because he was a zealous soldier and servant of the Crown. He further and gratuitously charges that Raleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Henry Sidney, and Lord Grey, all encouraged the assassination of Irish landlords. To give a tinge of colour to this insinuation, Sir Pope Hennessey drags in a document of years after, to sustain the accusation of an offence alleged to have been then committed. This epistle, published in Edwards' Life, like the famous note to Cecil, printed in Murdin, undoubtedly militates strongly against Raleigh's character, and proves him also not less injudicious than unscrupulous. Upon these documents, or the first named, the Irish historian charges Raleigh with "practising assassination as an art," with "systematically butchering and hanging

pregnant women and children," and of acting as a commander to whom, in Sir John's own fervid and picturesque phraseology, "innocence was no protection, and with whom helpless infancy and tottering age found no mercy." The document is subjoined, and the construction placed on it by this temperate and friendly criticism may be estimated.

This missive, corrected by me from Edwards, and as it appears in the State Paper Office, where by some unexplained accident, as belonging to the Hatfield correspondence, it is stored, is as follows:—

Sir Walter Raleigh to Secretary Cecil.

It can be no disgrace if it were known that the killing of a rebel were practised, for [we] see that the lives of anointed princes are daily sought, and we have always in Ireland given head money for the killing of rebels, who are evermore proclaimed at a price. So was the Earl of Desmond, and so have all rebels been practised against, notwithstanding that I have written to Stafford\* who only recommended the knave to me upon his credit. But for yourself you are not to be touched in the matter, and for me I am more sorry for being deceived than for being declared in the practice.

Your honour to do your service,

W. RALEIGH.

P.S.—He has nothing under my hand but a passport.

Superscribed—To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Cecil,

Knight, Principal Secretary to Her Majesty.

Endorsed—

Sir W. Raleigh to my Master.

This is, no doubt, a very damaging letter indeed. It has been often seriously censured and condemned before, especially by Mr. Edwards in his *Life*. It speaks for itself. To be thoroughly understood, however, it should be compared with Philip's excommunication of the Prince of Orange, the foremost man of his age, of the same year as

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\* Presumably, Mr. F. Stafford, afterwards knighted, who was in charge at Ballyshannon in September, and to whom there is a payment of five shillings entered as pension on 9th September of the same year. (Vol. 268, S.P.O., p. 93.) About this same date, viz., 20th October, 1598, Chamberlain writes to Dudley Carleton: "Sir John Gilbert, with six or seven sail, is sailing to Guiana, and Sir Walter Raleigh is like to go, he is so discontented because he thrives no better."—*Ibid.*, p. 110.

the surrender of Smerwick, and Cardinal Granvelle's advice as the Minister of Philip to Morillon to get rid of him and his brother, in 1573, by assassination, "as if they were Turks," and the money promised to Heist by Alva in 1572 for the same purpose. In truth, no candid mind could, on such a foundation, have advanced, after the lapse of three hundred years, any charge of especial treachery, duplicity, or cruelty against Raleigh with the records of Italian and Spanish barbarity of that age before him. The wars of the Netherlands, the atrocities of Alva, the repeated plots of dastardly assassination against Elizabeth, would convince the dullest, that these most nefarious methods were foreign in origin, and that Raleigh was but a poor and feeble copyist at best.

With the practice of war as then carried on no modern personage could be presumed to sympathise. Yet Sir John assails Raleigh, for conduct which, if verified as true, as compared with the brutal excesses and cruelty of Alva in the Netherlands, and of the French Court against the Huguenots, was merciful and humane. There is no authentic or credible proof of his having butchered a single woman or child. These allegations are made just as they would be invented concerning a street row in Cork to-morrow, and with as little sense of responsibility or foundation in fact. The slaughter of the garrison, if it did not occur, as Sir R. Bingham suggested, wholly in the excitement and stress of a sanguinary attack by a storming party directed against a faithless and treacherous foe, was unhappily by no means exceptional. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the slaughter of Mons, the wholesale smotherings of the Protestants in Languedoc—which Raleigh himself witnessed, the murder for their faith, as he records, of 18,600 Protestants in France in six years under Henry III., so far as example and precedent were

concerned, were warrant enough to justify the barbarity of Smerwick by the then existing usages of war, as practised by the most-presumedly civilised and Christian countries.

But although example in cruelty and wrong-doing is no justification in a judgment passed in time of peace, there were peculiar circumstances which at the moment were undoubtedly palliative. The English were acting in a country wholly ablaze with rebellion, with a very small force surrounded by its enemies. This handful of men was short of provisions for its own necessities. The Italians and Spanish, criminals and fugitives from the galleys, against whom they were acting, were mere free-booters and adventurers, who had forfeited their lives as alien enemies with arms in their hands against a country with which their own State was then at peace. They were not entitled to the consideration attaching to recognised prisoners of war. The assailing force had no provisions or resources to enable them to receive, or feed, or protect prisoners. The act was that of the commander of the force, who yielded, says Camden, to the necessity with tears, and he, instead of being praised, as Sir John suggests, by the Queen, was undoubtedly condemned and punished by Elizabeth, who, when she knew the details, recalled and permanently disgraced Lord Grey. Camden says indeed, "she detested the act from her heart, and hardly did allow, or would forbear to punish it, after it had been committed."

Raleigh, who is not shown to have taken any especial part, save as one of the captains of the day, in this assault and massacre, was naturally assailed, being the royal favourite, by the Jesuit, Father Parsons, as the offender chiefly implicated. He was not in command. The Lord Chief Justice Popham, on his trial in 1603, Bishop Goodman in his "Life," and Archbishop Abbott, after his death,

considered themselves justified in condemning, not of course with the modern colonial governor's picturesque embellishments, Raleigh's conduct on the occasion as especially reprehensible. For this judgment there seems no foundation in fact. It is, of course, easy in halcyon times to censure the severities exercised under the pressure and temptation of the direst necessity, but why Mr. Spedding should accept the most dubious facts as proven, alleged on the authority of avowed enemies, and who had been guilty of unnumbered acts more atrocious, appears astonishing. Well might Pilate ask—"What is truth?" and never receive an answer.

It was very soon after Raleigh's return to England in 1581, or the beginning of 1582, that his star rose in the ascendant. Naunton attributed his speedy rise at Court to his success in arguing his case against the Lord Deputy Grey before the Privy Council. Some historians have referred it to the apocryphal though certainly not improbable incident of the cloak at this season.\* It is certain that from August, 1582, he was a Court favourite, and had gotten, as Naunton suggests, the Queen's ear in a trice. It is equally clear that no introduction like the cloak was needed. His aunt, as has been mentioned, had been the companion, schoolmistress, and trusted friend of Elizabeth when she was under a cloud and friends were scarce. With such an opening for his "fine compacted person, noble presence, and gifts of persuasion," to cite Naunton, as well as the courtier-like skill, referred to by Spenser in "Mother Hubbard's" tale,† his rapid rise into favour and courtly distinction, backed, as he was, by Leicester, are not difficult to understand.

\* See Miss Strickland's *Elizabeth*, p. 339, under date of 1583. Oldys' *Life of Raleigh*, Oxford Edition, 1829, p. 42.

† "For he is practized well in policy, etc." Spenser, *Globe Edition*, p. 520.



From this date to 1589 was his first culmination. He improved his opportunities. Eager, assiduous, of an energy and enterprise that knew no stint; a selfishness, marred or weakened by no diffidence; a pride, regal in its insolence; an ambition not less presumptuous than Caius Julius Caesar's, and resources well expressed by Spenser in the lines—

“ For he is fit to use in all assayes,  
Whether for arms and warlike amenaunce,  
Or else for wise and civil gouvernance”;

With this equipment and his “gifts of fine falsehood and fair guile,” indeed he was really bound to succeed, and for the next seven years was practically the Queen's first favourite at Court. Leicester was in decline, and not unwilling to surrender his part of the assiduous attendance required of the chief depository of her Majesty's confidence. During this period Raleigh, a constant and plausible beggar, made the most of his position, and secured honours, estates, place and privileges without stint, among others the patent for sweet wines, which he maintained until his fall in 1603. This was a most productive licensing monopoly, which gave him tithe and tribute from all vintners and wine houses in the realm. In 1584 he acquired a patent to export woollen broad cloths. He became M.P. and Knight of the Shire, Seneschal of the Duchy of Cornwall and of Exeter, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries. In 1587 he was made Captain of the Queen's Guard, one of the posts of highest honour and dignity about the royal person, and Admiral of the Western Seas. Raleigh was greedy of acquisition. With regal gifts of splendour, great love of ostentatious display, an imperial insolence, he lost no occasion of enriching himself, and it must be confessed his business aptitude amply seconded his tastes.

A steady courtier in these prosperous and thriving years, he was yet busy projecting schemes of piratical adventure, colonisation, and conquest. His fertile mind was unresting. He fitted out privateering expeditions against Spain and Portugal. In 1585 he had taken part in the voyage to discover a North-West Passage by Davis. In 1586 he had secured great part of the confiscated lands of the rebellious Earl of Desmond in Ireland, the patronage and Wardenship of our Lady's College at Youghal; and in the following year he acquired the confiscated manors and estates of Babington, with land in various counties, and was made Vice-Admiral of the South-Western Seas. He never ceased to sue for favours. His importunity is recorded in his diplomatic answer to the Queen, "when questioned—"When would he cease to be a beggar?" "When your gracious Majesty ceases to be a benefactor."

These halcyon days, when he was described as deservedly "the best hated man in the world" in court, city and county, were now drawing to a close. Younger rivals were springing up. Blount and Essex were pushing to the front. Essex challenged him in December, 1588. In August of the following year, that inveterate gossip, Anthony Bacon, writes to a friend, "that Essex had chased Raleigh from the Court." And thus began his advent as a poet.

#### RALEIGH THE POET.

This apparent, or actual if temporary, eclipse of Raleigh's fortune when he was "chased from Court" by the Queen's young kinsman Essex, opened out another field for Raleigh's exhaustless energy. He went into Ireland, nominally "to take orders for his prize," as he explains to his cousin, Sir George Carew, of Totnes, and look after his Irish affairs, but really to sequester himself for a time, to become among other things Mayor of Youghal on the

Blackwater, to pursue his studies and recreations there, for he was always bookish, and renew his old acquaintance with Spenser the poet, who lived at Kilcolman Castle not far from Youghal, and also to emulate his friend's glories as an epic poet. It was this enforced absence from Court that prompted that voluminous if not luminous address to Cynthia of many hundreds of verses and in 21 cantos, which the present age only has become acquainted with, and of which, thanks to the zeal and scholarship of Dr. Hannah, a fragment not by any means inconsiderable has been preserved. How far he was impelled by Spenser's praise to believe himself a poet "skilful in that art as any," it would be unwise to speculate. He at any rate became a considerable if unconsidered verse-maker, and an ardent if not an admired votary of the Muses.

Thanks to the laudable discrimination and industry of this editor of his various fugitive contributions to literature, we were, for the first time since the author's death, in 1885 placed in a position to estimate his claim to immortality in poesy.

The eight or ten editors of his works and biographers, prior to Mr. Edwards, had unfortunately paid little attention to this phase of their hero's history. In 1751 Dr. Birch published some nine or ten short poems (nine, says Dr. Hannah) as being, from intrinsic and extrinsic evidence, Raleigh's, these extending over about the same number of 8vo pages, being all that could with certainty be assigned to him, in his and Oldys' view, Oldys having in his *Life* in 1733, and again in 1740 (p. 387), referred to eleven pieces, and possibly or conjecturally two or three more. Sir Egerton Brydges, in 1813, published at the Lee Priory Press a thin quarto volume, in which the number of assigned poems was extended to twenty-eight. The subsequent revision of Dr. Hannah has

raised the substantial surmise that these so-called "The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh, now first collected" were in great part falsely assigned, and that of the seventeen additional poems, some at least had no claim whatever to be so considered, and the rest were based on conjectural rather than on any probable or actual pedigree. In 1845, Dr. Hannah, in his charming edition of the Poems by Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others,\* exercised a prudent critical sagacity, and only ventured to declare that eleven of the poems first printed by Birch were probably the soldier poet's and presumably authentic. Sir Egerton, whose example was afterwards followed by Mr. Napier and by the Oxford editors in 1829, had somewhat rashly and disingenuously adopted other supplementary and additional verses on no better authority than the affix "Ignoto" placed below them in "England's Helicon" and "The Phoenix's Nest." That all unsigned and fugitive verse in Elizabeth's day was Raleigh's, was a violent if not preposterous presumption. The Oxford editors increased the number from twenty-eight to thirty-nine on no better premises. In Dr. Hannah's view—and he is probably correct—twenty-eight were certainly doubtful or spurious, and we were thus in 1845 remitted to the original number eleven as undeniably Raleigh's verse, or more strictly to the nine indicated by Birch, of which eight had been designated by Oldys, although Oldys had referred to seven of the doubtful poems afterwards printed in the Oxford thirty-nine. Of this nine the few lines written by Sir Walter and found in his Bible in the Gatehouse after and presumably written the day before his execution; his answer to Marlowe's "Description of Love," his verses upon Gascoigne's "Steel Glass," "A Vision upon the Fairy

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\* Pickering, 1845.

Queen," were unequivocally Sir Walter's. "The Pilgrimage," "The Lie," otherwise "The Soul's Errand," intrinsically were his, as well as "The Farewell," because it was very doubtful if any one else could have penned them, from their nervous strength, directness, irony, and force, and they contain allusions, and are marked by a vein of bitterness and disappointment more characteristic than could be without evidence assigned to any other personality. "The Pilgrimage," from the lines 50 to 55, must have been his. With reference to his lengthy epic "To Cynthia," referred to by Spenser, a fragment (part of the 21st Canto) was fortunately discovered and reprinted by Dr. Hannah in 1885. This long-lost instalment of a poem, the residue of which is now possibly lost for ever, shows us the adventurer, troubadour, knight-errant, and courtier in disgrace, like another Jaques in the forest of Arden, amusing himself in his leisure by penning verses to Belphœbe (Elizabeth), the Cynthia of his worship and devotion, his benefactress and beneficent deity.

We know how Spenser refers to him in "Colin Clout's Come Home Again" as "The Shepherd of the Ocean," and how he, his guest at Kilcolman—

. . . took in hand  
My pipe, before that emuled of many,  
And played thereon ; (for well that skill he conned)  
Himself as skilful in that art as any.

And how the song—

Was all a lamentable lay  
Of great unkindness and of usage hard,  
Of Cynthia, the Lady of the Sea,  
Which from her presence faultless him debarred,  
And ever and anon, with singulfs [sighs] rife  
He cried out, to make his under-song—  
Ah ! my love's Queen and Goddess of my Life,  
Who shall me pity, when thou doest me wrong ?

Where, then, was this long and lamentable lay, with its undersong penned by the "Summer's Nightingale," the "sovereign goddess's" most dear delight? It was lost in the stream of time until lighted on by Dr. Hannah. Now it is recovered, we find that its merit is chiefly autobiographical, and that it throws much light on Raleigh's career when in exile, and again when, three years after, he was, in consequence of his intrigue with Bessy Throgmorton, out of favour and in the Tower.

In truth, beyond those quaint and more or less powerful verses, "The Farewell," called alternatively "The Soul's Farewell" and "The Lie," falsely assigned to Sylvester, the pregnant verses found in his Bible at the Gatehouse after his execution in 1618,

Even such is time, that takes in trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with earth and dust ;  
Who, in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days ;  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust  
My God shall raise me up, I trust !

W. R.,

"The Pilgrimage," and his "Farewell to the Court," and one or two other fugitive lyrics, Raleigh's claims to immortality as a poet are not of an exalted kind.

This last poem, published for the first time anonymously in 1593 in "The Phoenix's Nest," and then in 1660 with the signature "W. R.," although written during the author's first exile from court between 1589 and 1592, was correctly assigned to Raleigh by Oldys. This is proved on the best possible evidence—that of the author himself, as expressed in the repeated line of the poem to Cynthia. "Of all which past the sorrow only stays."\*

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\* P. 36, Hannah. Poems by Raleigh, Wotton, &c., Ed. 1885.

It derives its chief interest from being wholly autobiographical, and as showing to what depths of imaginary despair even so valiant a soldier, so keen an adventurer, so hopeful a courtier, could be reduced by a slight rebuff from Royalty. Thus, he writes—

Like truthless dreams, so are my joys expired,  
And past return are all my dandled days,  
My love misled, and fancy quite retired ;  
Of all which past, the sorrow only stays.\*

"Dandled days," as Polonius would say, is a vile phrase.

My lost delights, now clean from sight of land,  
Have left me all alone in unknown ways,  
My mind to woe, my life in fortune's hand ;  
Of all which past, the sorrow only stays.

As in a country strange without companion,  
I early wail the wrong of death's delays,†  
Whose sweet spring spent, whose summer well-nigh done ;  
Of all which past, the sorrow only stays.

In like manner "The Lie" was probably written after his trial and during his imprisonment at Winchester in 1603, the date being indicated possibly by the fifth and sixth lines. It commences—

Go, soul, the body's guest,  
Upon a thankless arrant ;  
Fear not to touch the best,  
The truth shall be thy warrant :  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the world the lie.

To the same season must be assigned "The Pilgrimage," with its powerful lines, commencing—

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon.

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\* Poems Ed., 1895. Hannah, p. 13, with title, "Farewell to the Court."

† Compare the sentiment here expressed with Raleigh's letter, July, 1592, "Edwards," Vol. II., p. 52:—"Do with me now, therefore, what you list. I am more weary of life than they are desirous I should perish."

And continuing after some lines to the gaol—

From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,  
Where no corrupted voices brawl ;  
No conscience molten into gold,  
No forged accuser bought or sold ;  
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,  
For there Christ is the King's Attorney,\*

Who pleads for all without degrees,  
And He hath Angels, but no fees.  
And when the grand twelve million jury,  
Of our sins with direful fury,  
Against our souls black verdicts give,  
Christ pleads his death and then we live.

And this is mine eternal plea,  
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,  
That, since my flesh must die so soon,  
And want a head to dine next noon,  
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,  
Set on my soul an everlasting head !  
Then am I ready like a palmer fit,  
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.†

Two other poems, "As you came from the Holy Land" and "Shall I like an Hermit dwell," first printed in 1734 in the *London Magazine*, are, I think, on intrinsic evidence not less certainly and positively Raleigh's. Mr. Hallam, with the acumen and penetration peculiar to professed critics, thought "The Soul's Errand" or "The Lie" had been ascribed to Raleigh without evidence and without probability, yet it is as conclusively proved to be his, as "The Excursion" is certainly Wordsworth's. But

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\* This reference is a reflection on Coke, who was his savage persecutor as King's Attorney on his trial in 1603.

† Poems by Raleigh, Wotton, etc. Ed. 1885, pp. 28-29. In "Bishop Goodman's Court of James I.," by Brewer, Vol. II., p. 93: "Edwards," Vol. II., p. 383; Tytler's "Raleigh," p. 438, there is a letter of Raleigh to his wife, presumably penned before his attempt on his own life, which anticipates the sentiments expressed in this poem.



it has been Raleigh's fate to have the most worthless verses foisted on his fame and tacked to his memory, and his best authenticated, most characteristic and autobiographic poems questioned and discredited.

Undeniably, however, "The Lie" is Raleigh's. Cynical, despondent, epigrammatic, vigorous, it savours of jesting Pilate's "What is Truth?" and this is the key-note of Raleigh's idiosyncrasy, although, in spite of politic wisdom and caution and experience, he was one of the most credulous of men, as his trust in Cecil, in Cobham, in Stukely proved. All of these men he had, by knowledge and experience, if not by intuition, the profoundest reason to distrust, and yet he relied and leaned on them till they broke in his hand and pierced him. The impatience, cynicism, and bitterness of "The Lie" prove it Raleigh's beyond doubt, even were not the evidence more convincing than with reference to almost any of his poems. The Chetham MS. (p. 107, 8,012), is nearly contemporary, and this contains an answer or reply "To the Lie," in which distinct reference is made to him as "Rude Rawly," and as a "Spider," the term flung at him by Coke. (See also MS. Tanner, 306, fol. 188, and MS. Ash., 781, p. 164.) Half-a-dozen other answers written during his life, in which he is pointed at, exist. The evidence satisfied Dr. Birch and Oldys and Dr. Hannah, and we may therefore dismiss Mr. Hallam's doubt.

Of the thirty poems assigned by Dr. Hannah, this long poem of Cynthia, unearthed at Hatfield, is, of course, the most important from the autobiographic and historic point of view, although but a fragment. Of the entire collection, in spite of Dr. Hannah's praiseworthy care, not all, it is safe to say, are or can be authenticated. I, however, personally concur with the learned Editor as to the majority.

## THE LAST ACT IN THE DRAMA.

"Sir Walter Raleigh Knt., Lord Warden of the Stanaries, Lord Lieut. of Cornwall, Captain of the Guard to Q. Elizabeth, beheaded by King James."

This is the brief and suggestive entry in the Herald's visitation in 1620. But he had held a dozen other offices of honour and profit, of glory and distinction, under Elizabeth, during that most brilliant period in all our history, save that between 860 and 886, under Alfred the Great, viz., between 1583 and 1603. He was to die towards the close of that ignominious and infamous time comprised between 1603 and 1618, when the dishonour of the King's life was to culminate in Raleigh's disgraceful judicial murder.

Mr. Spedding—and I am glad to pay every tribute to his skill as an essayist—describes our great colonising adventurer as among the most dazzling personalities in English history, and the most enigmatical. The whole of his career, the date of his birth, his plans, his policy, his good and ill fortune, have always been matter of controversy. They remain so still. To some he appears a god—to others a very human (but greatly gifted) creature indeed. Judged by pecuniary reward, his life was, for a time, a great success; but as Mr. Spedding, in the most eloquent passage in his book, points out, it was, in result, substantially a failure. He was a great admiral, and yet the only expedition he commanded in chief miserably failed. He was a poet, and yet his title to his best poems is contested. He wrote admirable prose, was one of the fathers of English diction, and for two centuries has ceased to be read. He was a philosopher, and the phrase, "the fundamental laws of human knowledge," is the only philosophic idea associated with his memory. He was a

bold and experienced soldier and able leader, and his greatest scene of exploit was in Kerry. He was an adventurer, and spent more than the fourth of his available life in gaol. He had a most subtle air—was, as Spenser said, “fit for use in all assays,” and “was practised well in policy,” yet he fell into the snares of Cecil, and Cobham, and Stukely, like a fly. Mr. Spedding concludes that, with powers less various, he might have succeeded better, suffered less, achieved more, and that, had he been less accomplished, he might have escaped the killing curse of Court favour. I do not wholly agree with this, or that he could have equalled Bacon as a philosopher, or Hooker as a prose writer. His nature was imitative, not creative. He had an illimitable energy, and could accomplish everything imitatively, but he had not the commanding genius that springs from unique initiatory power. To me, moreover, he was, and is, little of an Englishman.

He had none of the sacred fire of patriotism which leaps up in every line of Shakespeare. He believed in little, least of all in the ever permanent factors in all human affairs of a sustained principle of honour and a self-denying morality. In all his works I cannot recall, among many memorable suggestions and hints of policy, one elevated and really noble aspiration. He had a sound hatred of Spain and its crooked policy, but no high-souled reverence for the destiny of his native land. I have looked on him always as a man of in some sort a mixed race. Whether by the Champernon or the Raleigh side, there was in him a trace of Celtic or Semitic blood. One of his ancestors—Bozone—has a foreign sound. The keen appetite for greed, for money, and for display, his artistic proclivities, his love of personal gauds and finery (intrinsically foreign), his chicanery, his restlessness under

constraint and authority, and his hatred of discipline and obedience might have been produced by either race. But neither were English. He had a love of intrigue as policy, wholly foreign, Italian, Machiavellian, Cecilian, if you will, but a rare English product. Not impossible, but improbable. His aphorisms as a statesman, his wisdom as a commander and State adviser were his strongest points. But he had a cynicism and impatience of control and contempt for lawful authority with an aptitude for finesse rather Celtic than Teutonic, but I acquiesce sincerely with Mr. Spedding, that a smoother and less eventful life would have shorn his memory of much of its picturesque attraction, and that with all his failures, in spite of his defects, his vices, his instability, his selfishness, no figure in history more completely gathers within himself the spirit and the life of the epoch in which he lived, with all its dazzling strength and infirmity, while maintaining an invincible individuality. In this aspect his figure will ever remain as a bright particular star.

Those meaner beauties of the night  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by their numbers than their light

paled before him. But as I have said, his was a sad and tragic life. With or without a moral, with great splendour there was a dominance of sorrow. No wonder he wrote:—

Alone, forsaken, friendless on the shore,  
With many wounds, with death's cold pangs embraced,  
Writes in the dust, as one that could no more,  
Whom life, and time, and fortune had defaced,

or that he summed up his career in the verse I have already cited:—"Even such is time," etc.

Raleigh, after his return in 1596, from the brilliant Cadiz expedition against the Spaniard, in which he served

under Essex and Howard, sought to regain the favour of the Court. He had been under eclipse since his marriage in 1592. We find him in the early spring of 1597 in renewed friendship, or pretended friendship, with Essex, and as early as February was spoken of as likely to be joined in equal authority with Lord Thomas Howard as one of the commanders in the projected Island Voyage. By Cecil he was in June introduced to the Queen at Greenwich during Essex's absence, and was at once wholly forgiven, taken into favour, and restored to his command as Captain of the Royal Guard. From this date commences the evidence of that political intrigue which was ultimately to end in the execution of Essex, the imprisonment of Southampton, the trial and ruin of Raleigh, and ultimately his judicial murder and slaughter on the scaffold.

From this auspicious summer meeting dates Raleigh's resplendent rise into fresh dignities, offices, and wealth, to the stage of his greatest glory and magnificence, lasting until the death of Elizabeth in 1603, when his career of worldly prosperity came to a close, and he fell, like Lucifer, never to rise again.

Intriguing with that most Machiavellian statesman, Robert Cecil, to ruin Essex, pretending friendship to that unfortunate and misguided peer, while plotting with Cecil to his destruction, commands and honours were heaped on Raleigh by the influence of *le petit bossu* to soothe and gratify his cupidity. We know, however, from the secret correspondence of King James that from 1601 Cecil was his deadliest foe, and lost no opportunity of defaming Raleigh to the future King. Lord Henry Howard, Cecil's secretary, constantly assures the King that the two most unprincipled villains, most opposed to the King's interests, and his bitterest assailants, were Raleigh

and his close friend Cobham,\* who, with Northumberland, formed "a diabolic triplicity; . . . that they hovered in the air for an advantage, as kites do for carrion; . . . were ever plotting; and that means must be found to cut them off either occasional or violent; and that he [Cecil] had said with such traitors he would never live under one apple tree; and that if the King were advised betimes, and wise, he would cut down the thorn before it pierced him."

With this admonitory advice and introduction, it need hardly be explained that when James, in May, 1603, appeared in London as King, Raleigh had but a killing reception. The King, unable to spare his jest, said—"Ah! Rawly, I have heard but Rawly of thee, man," and turned on his heel. The writing was on the wall. And ere another month was passed he was stripped of his places and honours, and commanded to give up his princely, even regal mansion of Durham House, deprived of his position as Captain of the King's Guard, of his patent for sweet wines, of the Wardenship of the Stannaries, and of the Lord Governorship of Jersey and the Channel Islands. By the middle of June he was a prisoner in the Tower, he was compelled to abandon the treasures of his London home by the 24th, and within another few weeks was made aware that he was a prisoner awaiting his trial on a capital charge of high treason.

This crushing revolution of the wheels of State, and his sudden fall from the empyrean, to beggary and disaster, led to the unfortunate attempt on his life about the 20th of that month.

His imprisonment and accusation, his repeated examinations in the Tower, led to his being brought to trial before

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\* "Secret Correspondence of Sir Robert Cecil with James VI., King of Scotland," 1766. Edinburgh, pp. 29, 35, 52, 88, 124, 132, 220, and "C. S. Correspondence," 1860.

the Grand Jury at Staines in September on the evidence of his accomplice, Cobham. He was charged with plotting to surprise and capture the King, and kill him and his royal progeny; and with having received bribes from Spain, to disable and deprive the King of his crown, as well as with other treasonable acts, etc. A true bill was found September 21st, but owing to the plague then raging, the trial was removed to Winchester, where he was duly brought to trial in November.

The result of this trial was but a foregone conclusion. Raleigh, by means too infamous to be calmly narrated, by violation of the law by the presiding judges, by every secret and open violence offered to justice and truth, was found guilty and sentenced to death. We have traced in the barest outline merely the rise of this meteoric and resplendent star above the horizon of history, taking a long leap over the interval of years, ignoring much most worthy of note. We pass to the last act of this eventful drama.

The immediate verdict of posterity on Raleigh's life and execution fifteen years after\* on his old sentence was expressed in an antithesis:—"That if he lived meanly he died sublimely." His sorrows were a crown of martyrdom. His long sufferings clothed him, as a saint, with the vesture of sympathy due to sustained sorrows. The trials, the vicissitudes, the miseries of his later life, not less undeserved than his early splendour and prosperity, heightened by contrast thereby, have entitled him, or at any rate have discovered for him, an interest which his moral attributes, self-seeking, and meaner aspects of character would not have secured.

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\* October 29th, 1618.

Here is the letter, printed in "Murdin," p. 811, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote to Robert Cecil, presumably early in 1601,\* and after Essex's conviction:—

Sir,—I am not wise enough to give you advice; but if you take it for a good counsel, to relent towards this tyrant, you will repent it, when it shall be too late. His malice is fixed, and will not evaporate, by any [of] your mild courses, for he will ascribe the alteration to her Majesty's Pusillanimity and not to your good nature, knowing that you work but upon her humour, and not out of any love towards him. The less you make him, the less he shall be able to harm you and yours. And if her Majesty's favour fail him he will again decline to a common person.

For after revenges, fear them not, for your own father that was esteemed to be the contriver of Norfolk's ruin, yet his son followeth your father's son and loveth him. Humours of men succeed not, but grow by occasion and accidents of time and power. Somerset made no revenge on the Duke of Northumberland's heirs; Northumberland, that now is, thinks not of Hatton's issues; Kelloway lives, that murdered the brother of Horsey, and Horsey let him go by all his lifetime.

I could name you a thousand of these; and therefore after fears are but prophecies, or rather conjectures remote. Look to the present and you do wisely. His son shall be the youngest Earl of England but one, and if his father be

\* The date of 1601 placed on it is in a later hand. The letter is so little creditable to Raleigh that his apologists and admirers, like Mr. C. Kingsley, discredit it altogether, on apparently no better reason than that it was signed with his initials, and the style is (so far do our feelings often warp our judgment) unlike. Difficulties of a puerile kind have been raised on the sentence, "If her Majesty's favour fail him, he will again decline to a common person," as indicating a desire for the disgrace, not the death, of the favourite, especially when that sentence is read with the context, as "His son will be the youngest Earl of England but one." First, as certainly showing that the letter must have been written before the trial; and next, that it was inconsistent with Essex's execution, as if attainted, the son could not inherit his father's dignity. The phrase "kept down" is ambiguous, but the words "*But if the father continue*" seem fatal to these hypotheses, unless, by some forced or artificial construction. "But if the father continue to live," is assuredly meant. Her Majesty might, as indeed she did, remit the attainder. The opening of the letter points to death—"If you relent,"—for if this was written after the trial and sentence, the only relenting was to save his life. Every one of the illustrations—Northumberland, Kelloway, Somerset—point only to death or state murder. Again, there could be no prevention without death, because if James succeeded—as he did, in fact—Essex, in power, would be able to deal with Cecil. Mere imprisonment was of no avail, and this seems certainly the only natural conclusion.

† Norfolk beheaded 1572. Probably Lord Henry Howard, created Earl of Northampton and K.G. 1605, and not, as suggested by Murdin, his nephew Lord Thomas.

‡ This refers to Ed. Seymour, son of the Protector, whose father owed his death to John Dudley, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, who secured his lands.

§ Northumberland, while a prisoner in the Tower, in 1585, was shot in the breast with a pistol. It was called a suicide. Gossp said a servant of Hatton's had just before been appointed to wait on him.



now kept down, Will Cecil\* shall be able to keep as many men at his heels, and more too. He may also match in a better house than his; and so that fear is not worth the fearing. But if the father† continue, he will be able to break the branches, and pull up the tree, root and all. *Lose not your advantage*; if you do, I read your destiny.—Yours to the end, W. R.

POSTSCRIPT.—Let the Queen hold Bothwell‡ while she hath him. He will ever be the canker of her estate and safety. Princes are lost by security and preserved by prevention. I have seen the last of her good days and all ours after his liberty.

This letter is endorsed 1601, but no precise date can be assigned. It is in a later hand, and, of course, is New Style. Mr. Edwards, rejecting some passages and adopting others that suited him, suggested that it was written after Essex's disgrace, but before his treason and trial. "He will again decline to a common person," is opposed to a notice of impending execution. The rest of the letter, however, spells death very forcibly in fact.

Essex was tried Feb. 19, 1601 (N.S.), and sentenced to death. He was executed on the 25th February, near Caesar's Tower, in the Tower, the 25th being Ash Wednesday.

If this epistle was written when the Queen was undecided as to a reprieve, and was waiting for a signal from Essex, as a suit for pardon, and Camden and Hume suggest this, the hints contained were not only exceedingly crafty and Machiavellian, but especially malignant and cruel. Essex and Raleigh had been early rivals, but they had also been, as we have seen, close friends in later years, and as recently as 1597. Essex, as we know from Gorges, Raleigh's friend, frequently of choice sought Raleigh's society. He certainly had been generous to a fault in not punishing, but forgiving his insubordination in the face of the enemy

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\* Robert Cecil's only son, afterwards Earl of Salisbury.

† Will Cecil's father, Robert, his correspondent.

‡ Bothwell (an allusive nickname designed for Essex) was a son of John Stuart, the natural son of James V., of Scotland, who, created Earl Bothwell, proved traitor, was forgiven, and afterwards repeated his treason.

at Fayal. He was by far the nobler nature, though intellectually the inferior; but this letter is implacable. Every argument that would be likely to prevail with Cecil, every base motive is urged. His personal safety, his advantage in power, the improbability of retribution, the fact that his, Robert's son, would be able to deal with Robert Devereux's son, and the exceedingly dark suggestion that even he might be got rid of, for the letter may be read either way, either as a ground of intimidation or of cruelty, with the final "Lose not your advantage"; show how selfish, how merciless, how unprincipled Raleigh in fact was.

But to those who believe in occasional retributive justice at the hands of Providence, who regard Nemesis as more than a myth and as a still operative terror, or who consider that "there is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," the lesson of this brilliant and cometary career, if apparently accidental, was exemplary. The resplendent and varied powers of Raleigh were ministers to his disasters. His virtues of valour, invincible resource, occasional generosity, were ever suspected; and while he lived he was less honoured than disliked. Time has made but tardy amend in securing the recognition of his active public services and enterprise. Tested by the results of an ultimate prosperity, the loyal homage of a discriminating posterity, and a sustained and honouring popularity, our hero's life was a failure. It had no beneficent fruits. And thus Englishmen look back with gratitude on the labours of vastly inferior men, as far more worthy their reverence and recognition. It is now less with pride than sadness that one even recalls these episodes in a busy, enterprising, courageous, and distinguished career, which, had it been magnanimous as wise, had placed this poet-adventurer among the Heroes of his race, and the benefactors of his country.



LANCASHIRE NOVELISTS SERIES:  
CHARLES WAREING BARDSLEY.

BY B. A. REDFERN.

IT has often occurred to me to think that the portion of Lancashire now occupied by our city, especially on its northern and eastern sides, must have presented many pleasant features at the beginning of this century.

The traveller from the south who had just crossed the monotonous Cheshire plain would here come upon one of those lands of the lower foot-hills, such as always afford the most varied scenery—a country of irregularly-rounded grass slopes, with occasional broken cliffs, intersected by a few open dales and many well-wooded cloughs, along which ran the numerous rills or streams carrying tribute to the Irwell.

A little further north or east again, and he would find himself out on the wild, breezy moorland, drained by these waters; but here in the Irwell basin the traveller might for a season possess his soul in peace above the great floods, below the great winds, in a pleasant land, equally removed from tameness and from savagery.

Of the many charms of these streams in their upper reaches we have heard much from Edwin Waugh, and his fellow-artist Ben Brierley has familiarised us with the former attractions of the lower ones, particularly those of the Irk and the Medlock. Nearly half a century ago that part of Medlock Vale lying between Newton Heath and Clayton was for me an earthly paradise, the scene of my first acquaintance with the "real" country, for such it was then. Where the Northern Cemetery now reminds the revellers of Phillips Park—already warned by the decay around them—of their mortality, there then stood, on the brow of the vale, a large mansion known as Newton Grange, which had been divided into two tenements, respectively occupied by an ironworker in a small way of business, and a newly-beneficed clergyman, who had but lately been a cotton operative. The former, Evan Legh, became a great ironmaster; the latter, the Rev. James Bardsley, was in after years a much-honoured dignitary of our Cathedral. The Legh family consisted of seven daughters, the Bardsley family of seven sons, and of the latter, the subject of these notes was the sixth in order of birth.

My father was Warden of St. Philip's Church, Bradford Road (of which the Rev. James Bardsley was the Incumbent), during part of the "forties," and I was at that period a frequent informal visitor "on kites and tops and taws intent" of the Grange, being also, like the young Bardsleys, an attendant at, if not like them a student of, the Manchester Free Grammar School.

All the members of the Bardsley family were noticeable personages. Differing greatly in physique, character and powers, they had each a striking individuality, but at least they were all like-minded in one respect, and that was in their predilection for the ministry of the Church of England. In this consideration it is worth noting that at

this moment there are three generations of them represented in the Clergy List, by men of all ranks of the Hierarchy, save the very highest.

The Rev. James Bardsley's brother is Archdeacon of Craven and Vicar of Bradford, whilst of the second generation (the sons of the Rev. James) one is Bishop of Carlisle; two are Canons, of Wakefield and Carlisle respectively; one is Vicar of Skelton; one of special ability and great promise died in early manhood soon after his ordination; and another, who was a Church Missionary, dying a few years ago, left a son who is now in the Ministry.

The Rev. James Bardsley himself—possibly the most noticeable personage of the tribe—after leaving St. Philip's, in 1857, became Rector of St. Ann's, and eventually a Canon of Manchester, dying in the fulness of years in 1886. His widow, whose maiden name of Wareing is borne as a second name by all of her descendants, the proud and happy mother of seven sons, who have "risen to call her blessed," still lives, in the 92nd year of her age, a hearty, capable, highly-honoured, and much-loved woman.

Of Charles Wareing Bardsley, now as in the days of his youth, usually spoken of as "Charlie" by his intimates, I saw less at the time of which I have spoken than of some of his elder brothers, but I can remember him as a frolicsome and lovable little fellow, the pet of the family, and indeed of the whole parish. He went in due succession, like all his brothers, to the Manchester Grammar School, proceeding thence to Worcester College, Oxford, whilst Dr. Cotton was Provost, and there obtaining his degrees of B.A. and M.A. When about twenty-five years of age he became a private tutor for two or three years, and then presented himself for ordination at Manchester.

After taking orders, he was successively curate of St.

Luke's, Cheetham, and of St. Paul's, Kersal; and afterwards, at the suggestion and under the advice of his good friend, Bishop Fraser, he became assistant to his father at St. Ann's.

In 1873 he married Miss Pearson, of Sedgley, a lady of good family and ample means, and it was in this year that he made his first venture into authorship, by the publication of "*Our English Surnames*," on which work he had been engaged for some twelve years.

In 1877 he published his "*Memorials of St Ann's*," a volume of great interest to local readers; and in the autumn of that year he was elected a member of the Manchester Literary Club. On February 4th, 1878, he read before the members a paper on "*Baptismal Nomenclature in Lancashire and Yorkshire*," which was published in their volume of "*Transactions*" for that year.

His further contributions to literature, other than fiction, were "*The Romance of the London Directory*," 1879; "*Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature*," 1880; and two quartos, "*The Registers of Ulverston Parish Church from 1881 to 1884*" and "*The Chronicles of Ulverston*," 1885.

He had in the meantime received the appointment of Vicar of Ulverston; which post he held with much popular appreciation for fifteen years. He resigned in May, 1893, in consequence of a threatened failure of eyesight, which called for rest and freedom from worry in its treatment. Previous to this, however, the late Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Harvey Goodwin, had conferred upon him an Honorary Canonry of Carlisle Cathedral, which he still retains and values very highly, as coming from the hands of so distinguished a scholar. He now resides at Oxford, where his son, aged 20, is a student of Worcester, the College which has known, and still knows, many

Bardsleys, and where he himself is specially well-known and welcome.

As a writer of fiction, Canon Bardsley is adequately, but not largely, represented by three books, of which the first in order of date was a novel in three volumes, entitled "John Lexley's Troubles," published by Chatto and Windus in 1877. It does not seem to have been a success on its first appearance, nor indeed at any time to have reached beyond a very limited circle of readers, and I can only express my astonishment at this, without being able to explain it.

Some ten years ago, attracted by the name of the author, I read a stray copy that had found its way to the shelves of a Sunday school library, and I thought it a more than ordinarily good novel. On reading it again in a more critical spirit, for the purpose of these notes, I was only the more confirmed in my first opinion of its merits, and I can now commend it confidently as a book well worth reading.

The scene is laid in "Lackington," somewhere in the north-east of Lancashire, and the author describes the lives led by some of the dwellers in this "rustic bourg" during the first half of the century. The changes which took place at Lackington at that time, when it was developing from a sleepy village into a noisy little manufacturing town, have afforded opportunities of contrasting the old and new ideals and methods of life, and of illustrating in many ways our gains and losses by these changes, which the novelist has well utilised.

The main thread of the story runs thus. Ralph Lexley, a country gentleman of Puritan descent, having one son, John, has, after living four or five years as a widower, married the gentle sister of a crafty and ambitious self-made man, named Emlott. By her he has another son,

Geoffrey, who loves and is beloved by his half-brother John through all the many troubles of the latter. Emlott pretends to despise his brother-in-law, hates John, and even dislikes his own nephew, Geoffrey—all from envy of their higher social position.

He is an elder of the Baptist Chapel at which they all attend, and believing that he has discovered, after many spyings and intrigues, the illegitimacy of young John, he demands, at a specially-called meeting of elders, the expulsion of Ralph Lexley from the chapel. The engineer is, however, "hoist with his own petard," and all his scheming only brings about disaster to himself. This scene is one of several fine dramatic episodes in the novel. In the end poetic justice is meted out to all, and it is the fate of Mr. Emlott to fall into the hands of a designing and impecunious widow, whom he had believed to be a lady of great fortune.

There are many well-drawn subordinate characters, evidently studies from the life, in the story, including, *inter alii*, a conceited parish clerk; a poor clergyman, resembling, but not a copy of, George Eliot's Amos Barton; the venerable and kindly pastor of the chapel; a former smart lady's maid, who is now a grim daleswoman; a most amusing fossil of a postboy; and a brilliant impostor, who figures for a while as an army officer and a territorial magnate. There are two sets of lovers, whose misunderstandings and makings-up are recorded with much quiet humour; and there are many excellent word pictures of the scenery and surroundings of Lackington.

I am anxious that you should read "John Lexley's Troubles," and I will finish my notes on it by saying what will, I think, induce you to do so. Although it is not a first-rate novel—although it has not the artless charm, the perfection of style, of the "Vicar of Wakefield," nor



even any resemblance in detail to that peerless story, yet there is a distinct Goldsmithian flavour about the book as a whole, which will pleasantly tickle the mental palate.\*

A shorter story, entitled "Brownie," published by Marcus Ward and Co., and daintily illustrated by C. Blair Leighton, appeared in 1878. This is a piquant little tale of true love, its doubts and hopes, anxieties and joys; for, as usual, its course does not run smoothly; and there is towards the end of the volume a powerfully-drawn picture of the tragic death of the girl who brings about the troubles of the lovers.

Our author's only other published volume of fiction is entitled "His Grandfather's Bible," a tale of Furness Fells. It is a vigorously told and stirring story, possessing many of the merits of his former ones, and presenting us with graphic sketches of the hard and uncouth but truly "jannock" people of the Fells. Canon Bardsley shows proof in this book of a thorough acquaintance with the manners and customs of the ironworkers, the charcoal burners, and the little "statesmen" of North Lancashire and Cumberland.

I am informed that there are in many of the weekly or monthly magazines shorter stories from the pen of the late Vicar of Ulverston, which deal chiefly with aspects of life on the Fells; but I have not read any of these.

And now a word or two as to Canon Bardsley's personality. He is a man of good presence, genial temperament, easy manners, and simple tastes. This simplicity of taste, by the way, is evidenced, among other

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\* Following a good example, I have submitted this book to certain sub-critics of my household, with the result that I only obtained one adverse criticism as against many favourable ones. This was: "That the author does not in many instances trust enough to the intelligence of his readers, and that his explanations are frequently too full and precise." And I must admit that there are grounds for that opinion.

things, by his hearty appreciation of a pipe and a tankard, where other ecclesiastics of his rank would require "Partagas" and Tokay.

He was, in youth and early manhood, a good average all-round athlete, especially good as a cricketer in the palmy days of the Broughton Club, Manchester; and he still takes a lively interest in athletics.

He is an excellent musician, able to play at sight (when his sight was good), and he can still sing a good song. He can tell a good story *viva voce*, and also, as we have seen, *currente calamo*. "He hath a pleasant wit" in conversation, and he preaches a good sermon. And above all—and this I am told is a distinguishing feature of the man—he has in a remarkable degree the power of making and keeping friends.

His eyesight has much improved since his residence in Oxford, and he has now the opportunity for enjoying leisure and taking rest; but he is not allowing himself to rust, since he is engaged, in the intervals of his attendance at the Clarendon Club, on another and more important work on "Surnames," a subject which he seems to have made his specialty.

And now, as suits my subject, allow me to finish with a pious aspiration, thus: "May all good fellows of the brotherhood" of the pen, whilst journeying from their respective Abanas and Pharpar on their way to the Styx, make and keep as many friends as Charles Wareing Bardsley has made and kept, in his progress from the Medlock to the Isis.







GATE OF CARACALLA, TEBESSA.



## SKETCHES IN NORTH AFRICA.

BY THOMAS KAY.

### TEBESSA.



HAT portion of the Mediterranean seaboard which lies between Egypt and Tripoli to the east and Morocco to the west (between the Cyrenaica and Mauritania of ancient days) possesses a varied and remarkable history, the vestiges of which have at all times been of profound interest to the student. Its chronicles

commence about 1,000 B.C., when the Phœnicians effected their settlement at Carthage. After a few centuries these peaceful settlers became the dominant rulers of the whole of this fertile country, governing it by the aid of native princes, much after the fashion of our present mode in India.

The Punic wars stamped out the Carthaginian supremacy, and Rome became its mistress. The Latins were no *dilettanti* occupants. They made it a training school and a resting place for their warriors. It gave sufficient military exercise for discipline, and it afforded an open field for road making and city and fortress building, so that they could employ their leisure time in useful labour to

the aggrandisement of the mother country. Here likewise Christianity took a firm root, and in the third century the country possessed no less than 580 bishops.

Thus it continued until those sturdy Vikings from the North, the Vandals who occupied Spain, made a descent under Genseric in the fifth century, and aided by mountaineers and all who were in distress or debt—in other words, those who had everything to gain and nothing to lose—the whole country was ravaged even unto Rome itself. Genseric destroyed their cities and fortresses, and established himself as a monarch in Northern Africa. His successor was defeated by the Byzantine forces under Belisarius in the next century, and they themselves were defeated by the inner tribes at Theveste, now called Tebessa, the place I am about to describe.

In the seventh century, rendered famous by the advent of Mohammed, came the Saracenic wave, which, like a hot blast from the desert, withered the Christian power, and by its resistless influence licked up all that was perishable of Roman art and Christian religion. It took away the massive granite and richly veined marble pillars from the temples to erect mosques, instituted a new order of architecture, fostered all sciences not opposed to its religion, and founded a new empire, the decaying traces of which may now be seen in the present country of Morocco.

Tebessa—the Theveste of Hadrian—is a city which stands as an outpost on the mountains or long rolling hills, with wide and verdant plains about 3,000ft. above the sea, and is situated a little more than 100 miles as the crow flies, south of Bona, the ancient Hippone, and about twelve hours from it by rail.

With its sister cities Timegad and Lambessa to the west, it was built to form a guard and fortress against the predatory Bedouins of the great Sahara which lies to the south.

It possesses now the same supply of good spring water which the Romans conducted within its walls. It has a clear atmosphere with brilliant sunshine, cool breezes with refreshing showers, and with its great elevation above the sea, it serves the same uses to the modern French army as it did in ancient days to the Romans.

The many assaults upon Tebessa in former times reduced its inhabitants so much that under Saracenic rule the walls were built to enclose only a part of the old city, perhaps not an eighth, and in these walls are to be observed massive pillars laid horizontally through them, producing strength and immovability at the expense of some majestic buildings destroyed to secure these defences. Fortunately, on the line selected for these new walls, built nearly 1,700 years ago, the triumphal arch of Caracalla has been enclosed, and made into a gate of the city.

The date of this arch is fixed at about the year 212. It is a magnificent example of the four-faced gate, and was anciently within the city proper.

Outside the walls the waste lands are being dug up for building materials. The foundations of old houses, and the kerbstones of ancient streets are being utilised for modern buildings, and stone coffins are commonly used for window sills, while bits of ancient glass, iridescent by time, glitter amidst the *débris* in the sunshine. At one place some enormous earthenware coffins, remains of the Punic occupation, lie exposed in the trenches of the ancient necropolis.

We had arrived by train one dark and wet night in April, and hurried, midst the pouring rain, on foot through the gate of Tebessa in search of its only hotel. Fortunately our telegram had secured rooms for us, but some travellers had to be turned away to find lodgings as best they could. In rooms on the ground floor of a vile and malodorous

courtyard we spent the night, first fumigating them well with tobacco, wisely of two evils choosing, contrary to rule, the greater, by superimposing aroma on stench.

A bright and sunny morning revealed the fountain in the square, with soldiers drilling under the trees, a few broken columns, and three gateways terminating each street, while a fourth one, narrow and dark, proved the exit to the market, where, amidst the mud, natives were selling sheep, and in little booths cheap French goods—principally small mirrors, cord, and cheap cutlery—and men were washing clothes at the covered laundry cisterns. It was not interesting to walk ankle deep in mud along the narrow road beside the aqueduct.

Having noted a few remains of ancient walls beside a deep ravine, we returned to the more interesting gate of Caracalla, which is of noble proportions and most picturesque outline. A native school and little mosque are in front of it, with vines trellised upon massive pillars, under which the students of the Koran were seated beside the *Dominie*. A few yards to the left is a chaste and elegant little temple of Jupiter, of the same order as the *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes. It stands enclosed opposite the town wall, and surrounded by other buildings which prevent it appearing to advantage. Its portico, elevated high above the enclosure on a flight of steps, has some beautiful classical pillars, and it has been converted into a little museum, the walls of which are covered with mosaics, rudely restored by the excellent Abbé Delapart, who treasures here, as well as in his own little chapel, such antiquities as are worthy of preservation—carved tombs, engraved stone slabs, and the like.

The Abbé was full of information, and seemed delighted to find an appreciative listener. In his little church, the altar and the chairs beside it, are made from carved stone partitions taken from the ancient Basilica.



He showed, with much pride, on his altar, about a foot square of glass mosaic tesserae, which, he said, were undoubtedly of the third century; and he added, "You have not in your British Museum, nor have they in France, such an interesting mosaic, for it is from one of the earliest Christian churches in the world." The Abbé is undoubtedly right about the antiquity of his mosaic, because, since the conquest of Theveste by Genseric, the King of the Vandals, in the fifth century, there has been no beautification or aggrandisement of Theveste.

Genseric's successor was killed here, and the wild Numidians, the fighting Byzantines, and the bigoted Mohammedans, who succeeded each other like waves of the sea, swept over, demolished, and carried away all that was capable of removal, leaving finally the early church within the Basilica, in groundplan perfect, and its tombs uninjured, but covered with those sands of time over which the wild flowers flourished, seeded, perennially brightened the landscape and perfumed the atmosphere, as if the wars of men were of no moment, their greatest schemes of little value, and their highest triumphs but subtle mockeries when compared to the seed time and harvest, the joy and glory of peace and Nature in her simplicity and ever-living truth.

As one wrote of another place—

Yielding to meditation's calm control,  
 How smiles in conscious bitterness, the soul !  
 And as thought leaps the gulf that yawns between  
 Past days and now, what is and what hath been,  
 How brief, how petty human life appears !  
 A cloud that fleeteth as it rains its tears,  
 A puny wave on Time's vast ocean shore,  
 That frets and fumes, then melts to swell no more.

*Nicholas Michell.*

It seemed that we were to be ill-rewarded in our search after the picturesque until we found ourselves, about a

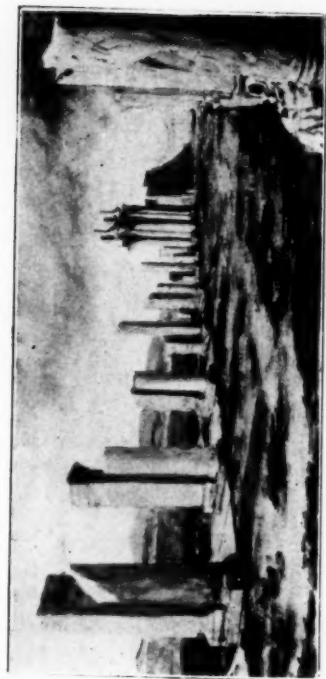
third of a mile through the gardens, down an avenue of silver poplars, in front of Tebessa's famous Basilica. At first sight its confused heaps of masonry seem like a puzzle out of which one has to unravel a skein of ancient historical threads, many ends of which are lost. But by attacking it seriously, it proved itself to be the remarkable ruin of a complete edifice of the period of the Roman occupation, unchanged by more recent additions such as the Goths or Saracens might have added to it. Not but that there were evidences of such occupation, but such evidences did not obstruct either the groundplan or decorative arrangements.

We descend from the road to a fine arch, and pass through the gateway into the great square, whence arises a flight of pillar-crowned marble steps. We ascend and enter the anteroom of the great Hall of Roman Justice. This hall is about 200 feet long by 23 feet wide.

It has been well said, "Make friends with thine enemy at the gate," for past this portal, where the fountain of mercy formerly flowed unceasingly (its hollow basin still *in situ*), the plaintiff and defendant were separated, and only met again before the supreme judge of ancient Theveste.

The fine tessellated pavements are still perfect in the great hall and in the judges' chambers on each side of the apse, but now they are covered with earth for preservation. The design of this great hall has been adopted as the form for modern Christian Cathedrals. In the large open space there are side pillars of varying marbles, green cipolin from Greece, conglomerates and richly-veined stones from various parts of the world, and granite as fine as the best Aberdeen from Scotland. The bases, all in position, upon which the pillars have been re-elevated, are of rose-veined marble, such as is found near the hot springs of the





BASILICA, TEBESSA.

Hammam Mesquotin. On the west side a flight of steps of the same rose-veined marble leads down to what was originally a beautiful chapel, foliated on three sides with domed roofs, supported by massive pillars of Greek marble around the central square of the altar space. This little chapel seems to have been the precursor of St. Mark's at Venice, and, like it, was encrusted with glass mosaics on the walls and ceilings. The tessellated floor is covered with soil, but glistening thereon I found a couple of the glass tesserae, fallen from the ceiling, of the same character as those of the Abbé, which he so much treasured on his altar. A diligent search, during the week we were there, produced quite a nice little collection, and now the dictum of the Abbé no longer holds, for England possesses a small portion of the glass tesserae from this earliest Christian church. I have carefully arranged them in an old Spanish carved frame.

There is another smaller chapel to be seen within the Basilica area, but of the ordinary quadrangular type, and it is situated near the shops and workmen's dwellings; in all probability it was used by them. The stables are very interesting, as they show the tether holes drilled diagonally through the angular corners of the massive stones which form the mangers. Outside of the stables are querns, pillar capitals hollowed, and stone coffins similarly drilled with holes to accommodate the larger troop of horses which in medieval times and since have filled to overflowing this fortress-like camping ground. The French keep two custodians within it to prevent destruction, as the Bedouins of the present day are as prone to that as in ancient times.

It is not difficult to discern that we owe the remains which exist to the fact that they have been buried beneath the dust of desert storms, the filth of encampments, and the mud of sun-dried decayed buildings. Most frequently

it would be used as a fortress, and occupied, in turns, by every besieger of the city, which left it open to the enemy after the new wall was built. The absence of any portion of the pediment, and nearly all the larger capitals of the pillars, seems to show that it was intentionally despoiled, and many of the remains thereof will possibly some day be found built within the present city walls. The date of its foundation is thought to be about the year 70, during the reign of Vespasian, and it is acknowledged to be the finest example of a Roman Basilica whose remains still exist.

#### SOME BURIED CITIES OF TUNISIA.

Where are now the glorious hours  
Of a nation's gathered powers ?  
Like the setting of a star,  
In the fathomless afar ;  
Time's eternal wing  
Hath around those ruins cast  
The dark presence of the past.

*L. E. Landon.*



T was with a strange feeling of expectancy, only known to those of an archæological turn of mind, that we set out from Tunis one dull morning, in a three-horse carriage, to visit Oudena, the site of the ancient Uthina.

It was stranger still, about eight miles on this long marshy way, to see the fortress-like palace of Mohammedia, covering many acres of ground, built during the present century at an enormous cost—the palace of the late Ahmed Bey, dismantled and in ruins. It is a type of Eastern fickleness, that of lavish

expenditure, with the realisation of an extravagant dream ; its fulfilment, the hollow mockery and rottenness of its pleasures, its desertion, and early decay.

A few Arabs live about the ruins, from which the magnificent tiles and marbles have been taken away. The empty shell crowns the slight elevation where the giant aqueduct from the mountains of Zaghonan, built by Hadrian, becomes a distinct landmark over the long plain before us. There is a solemn majesty about these massive creative works of the old Romans, particularly when we consider that they were erected in the interest of sanitation and for the benefit of their colonial subjects. The bringing of the waters of Thirlmere to Manchester is not more wonderful, although the distance is half as far again, because it has been accomplished through pipes at the seat of an industry founded upon iron.

In Carthage, and in the interior of Africa, wrought iron was probably more valuable in those days than copper. Its nature was so little understood, that to harden swords they were buried for the earth to dissolve away the softer parts.\* After use they frequently required straightening, even in the course of a fight. Think of the labour of hewing stone, hauling it, and finishing it with iron or bronze implements of such a character. The aqueduct, when completed, delivered seven million gallons a day to Carthage and the district. Manchester is said to be able now to draw fifty million gallons a day from her new source. This enables us to compare them, the one running underground, the other high above it.

There were two sources of water for Carthage, both of which are now utilised for the supply of Tunis and Goletta. The aqueduct, newly piped by French engineers, is, as it was then, 61 miles in length.

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\* Diodorus Siculus.

Fortunately, the masonry of the ancient aqueduct has been more than enough to supply the macadam for the great Southern Military Road, or it would have entirely disappeared, as it has already done between Tunis and Goletta. The long span of the remaining arches seems to chronicle, by its lapses, the political perturbations of the country. It leads from the uplands to the sea, as produce ever flows in commercial nations, bringing the life-giving element with it. Lust of power, greed, ambition, and religious zeal have all fastened their teeth upon it, and sometimes broken them in the encounter. The long line of broken pillars, with great voids between, is very like the plaster model of an old man's jaw, with the teeth sticking up here and there. The Frenchmen have been worse than the Vandals. In haste to secure communications throughout the country for their recent military occupation, any stones by the way, whether of fort, palace, or aqueduct, have been smashed up to make roads. The exigencies of safety in control and occupation override the delicacies of sentiment. The sum of all is mind—

Mind, what art thou? dost thou not  
Hold the vast earth for thy lot?  
In thy toil, how glorious!  
What dost thou achieve for us?  
Over all victorious  
Godlike thou dost seem.

But the perishing still lurks  
In thy most immortal works;  
Thou dost build thy home on sand,  
And the palace-girdled strand  
Fadeth like a dream.  
Thy great victories only show  
All is nothingness below.

We pass the modern bridge over a small river, whose foundations have been made from Hadrian's Aqueduct, and proceed by a track through the growing corn to the



East, leaving the southern road and aqueduct behind us. We proceed thus at a walk, ploughing the sodden soil for three or four miles until we come to a ravine, up the side of which we proceed, in search of a crossing, for signs of occupation exist on the opposite scrub-covered hill, which is Oudena.

A dirty-robed native remonstrates at our driving a carriage through his growing corn, so we dismount, as we can go no further, beside a rough stone bridge, over which wheels cannot travel, and by appearance have not done so for centuries. It has been so worn by weather that it is reduced to the massive rugged stones shaped to the arch, whose weight alone keeps them in place. It has become so irregular above that it is not easy to walk across, and both bipeds and quadrupeds prefer to descend and ford the brook.

After a hasty luncheon below, we ascend to the citadel, now demolished to the foundations, but which shows traces of having occupied an extensive area. There is a village in the midst of scrub-surrounded tents, with one house of stone occupied by the French colonists. In parts, massive cisterns or granaries underground are now used for cattle pens. The remains of an old fort or palace, whose squared stones have clearly been despoiled from the aqueduct, give shelter to a herd of horses. To the east below, are great masses of upheaved and broken concrete walls, disjointed by some explosive force since the age of gunpowder. Along the ridge, a slight attempt at excavation has been made, which reveals the walls, some three feet high, of painted stuccoed dwelling-houses, with tessellated pavements, and bits of glass amidst the *debris*.

On returning through bushes of myrtle, squill, and flowering asphodel, there suddenly opens out an immense amphitheatre in an oval-shaped depression, cleft or

excavated from the side of the hill. There are the remains of the entrances at each end, one of which is approached from the town by descending steps and the other by an ascent from the plains below. The eye is only just able to make out the line of seats, for the briars, brambles, and other bushes have completely overgrown the place. Here, formerly, were held the degrading exhibitions characteristic of the Roman era, the spectacle of wild beasts in conflict and Christian martyrs made to undergo the vilest cruelties. Where bloodshed, resignation, and fortitude were then displayed, now the song birds build their nests, and rear their young amidst the bushes which have been nourished by the blood shed in those days of oppression and persecution.

Above all a large eagle is seen sailing in the burning sky, "seeking whom he may devour," and somehow he seems a type of the Roman and that far-off time when pity had no existence and spiritual love no abiding place.

The solitude of the situation is absolute. There are no sheep, goats, or kine near it. To the south, the purple mountains of Zaghonan, with rain clouds gathering about them, fade into the sky; to the west, the broken line of Hadrian's aqueduct beyond the verdant plain intersects the horizon, and away to the north, by the shores of the sea, a new city, a new era, and a new government is arising; the ancient lake is newly channelled so as to enable big ships to pass through its waters, workshops are being founded and trades established on co-operative principles. There is forming now a colony over which the Eagle of France holds sway, and like the Roman one, in all probability, it will become effete by internal decay.

Such is Oudena—awaiting the pickaxe and the spade, like all the ruined cities of Tunisia. It lies buried beneath





STREET SCENE, CONSTANTINE.



RIVER SCENE near CONSTANTINE.

the indifference of Islamism. Doubtless soon it will be exposed to the light of archæological research, under the secure and apparently permanent occupation of the French, who, although nominally holding a protectorate thereof, will no more leave it than we shall Egypt, or than the eagle will give up its prey when fluttering in its talons.

### CONSTANTINE.



CONSTANTINE occupies one of the most remarkable and picturesque sites in the world. It is perched upon a high rock, and forms a wonderful Acropolis towering above a deep valley on one side, and into this, from a deep encircling gorge, the Rummel falls

in times of rain, as a foaming, thundering torrent stream. Here the river makes in its descent a series of magnificent waterfalls, amidst orange groves and fruitful gardens, which are watered in addition by hot springs laid out in beautiful baths. Its pleasant shades, amidst fruit trees and flowers, with the singing of birds and the music of the waters, give one in summer-time as good an idea of an enchanted Eastern paradise as the poet found in the rivers of Damascus.

If you have seen the High Tor at Matlock, under which the railway tunnels its course, and would imagine that the River Derwent at its foot was throttled into the space of the road, and, like the railway, went through a series of subterranean caverns which form picturesque natural arches, and that a straight precipitous cliff of the same height forms the opposite bank; then, if you can see a city on the High Tor and surround it with a semicircular ravine

like this, you will be able to form some idea of the position of Constantine. The third side, to the west, the only level approach to the town, in the old days was artificially defended by ditch and wall, and it was through this that the French effected their entrance in 1837, when a fearful tragedy was enacted. The flying natives, seeking safety in the citadel, lowered themselves by ropes from its walls; some falling and the ropes breaking, many hundreds of mangled and dead bodies blocked the course of the stream, until the impeded waters burst their confines and carried them away, an avalanche of victims to the ruthless gods of war.

The interior of Constantine possesses few remains of its ancient grandeur. Its mosque has been converted into a Christian church, the citadel has been rebuilt and converted into a modern French barracks. In the old town the narrow tortuous streets and hodge-podge buildings still show some Saracenic designs of doorways, and the courtyards often contain white-washed marble pillars with good capitals which have evidently been obtained from older edifices. The banks of the Rummel river, however, afford glimpses of classic landscape of great beauty. Figures clad in white garments, industriously engaged by the side of the stream, may be mistaken for nymphs and interpreted as bathers; banks of green sward with tall silver grey poplars are reflected in the stream, and crowning the purple mountain the ruddy-coloured ruins of an ancient aqueduct admit patches of dark blue from the soft transparent sky through its broken arches.

Such is Constantine of the present day. From it we can understand that Cirta (the ceintured capital of Syphax, Sophonisba, and Masinissa, whose power in the Punic wars influenced strongly the destiny of Carthage) from its position, amidst a fruitful country and in an agree-

able climate, would long remain the military capital of the province. After the conquest of the country by the Romans, at the visit of the Emperor Constantine, the name was changed from Cirta to Constantine by the applauding citizens. Although it is a long retrospect to the days of Constantine, one feels that a greater interest attaches to it from its pre-Christian records, and it is a pity that the people should have sacrificed the greater glory of a long existing brave and warlike race to the pettyness of adulation. At Lambessa, half a day further south, an inscription on one of the ancient monuments recorded the visit of Napoleon III. thereto. It has now been erased.

Although the name of Constantine cannot be expunged from the place, one prefers to think of it not as a French, Saracenic, Vandal, or Roman city, but as the Acropolis of Masinissa, the brilliant fighter, whose annals live in history as a revelation of the manners and characters of the distant past.

The story of Sophonisba, the daughter of Hasdrubal the Carthaginian, and wife of Syphax, the reigning king, is one worthy of the Tragic Muse. The whole event is the chronicle of little more than a day, and is set in this city Cirta, now called Constantine. It has been dramatised by the French, but John Marston, about 1605, was the first Englishman to treat of the subject under the title of "The Wonder of Women, or the Tragedie of Sophonisba;" and not unworthily was it handled. He finished it with the sentence describing her as the "just shame of man."

Thomson, at the beginning of last century, essayed his hand at "A Tragedy of Sophonisba," but it was vitiated and grandiloquent. The constant repetition of "Oh, Sophonisba!" "Oh, Scipio!" became so ludicrous that it

was laughed out of existence. Nevertheless, the story is now so little known that it may well be worth while to sketch it.

Syphax, the Numidian king, whose palace was fixed upon the impregnable rock of Cirta, had to wife the most beautiful Sophons'ba. Just note the difference in the pronunciation of Sophons'ba, accent on the antipenultimate instead of on the penultimate, Sophonisba. The same as we pronounce Ezekiel. She was the daughter of Hasdrubal, the great Suffete or King of Carthage, and may have been a descendant of the great King Solomon of Jerusalem, as I endeavoured to point out in a previous paper concerning Queen Dido, the founder of Carthage. Masinissa, aspiring to the throne, led a wild freebooter's life. He was defeated again and again. His followers were slaughtered, but he always contrived to escape the deadly peril by "hairbreadth 'scapes and moving accidents by flood and field, antres vast and deserts idle, rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven." Always he returned, only to be again defeated, until at length he sought the aid of Scipio, then in Spain, fighting against the Carthaginians; whence Hannibal, starting north, began that tremendous, marvellous, and celebrated passage of the Alps, with his elephants, Numidians and Iberians, to maintain that illustrious campaign against Rome by preying upon its very vitals.

Urged by Masinissa, Scipio turned himself upon Carthage. Retreating from it, he encompassed Utica, a few miles to the north-west, in order to secure it, and make of it a base for the further prosecution of his enterprise against this Tyrian Queen of the Mediterranean, "triple-walled Carthage." In winter quarters, waiting for reinforcements from Rome, Scipio and Masinissa, holding



out hopes of peace by guise of a truce, visited with their generals the camp of the enemy, and formed the plan of a night attack by firing their reed huts. This was successfully accomplished, and in the confusion the armies of Hasdrubal and Syphax were practically annihilated. Hasdrubal and Syphax escaped, each to his domicile. The latter was, however, although sincerely desiring peace with Rome, from whom he had everything to gain and nothing to lose, easily persuaded by Sophons'ba to raise an army for the preservation of Utica and Carthage.

The spring campaign opened and revealed the Roman forces ready and reinforced, awaiting the onslaught of the Numidians and Carthaginians. The raw levies of the Numidian king, Syphax, were speedily routed, and he, by his bravery in leading an assault to shame their pusillanimity, was captured. Immediately Masinissa marched with a few troops straight upon Cirta, much as the English marched upon Cairo, after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, in 1881. Arriving there, he was met on the threshold of the palace by the beautiful Sophons'ba, whose blandishments took captive the heart of the adventurous conqueror, and thereby hangs the tale.

Masinissa, enervated by wars, marches, troubles and dangers, succumbed to the beauty, grace and breeding of the siren, who claimed his protection from the Romans. He was greatly influenced by her, and thinking his deserts would ensure her protection if he made her his wife, he at once carried out his idea and effected an impromptu marriage with her.

Scipio Africanus, however, appears upon the scene. He learns that the nuptials had been celebrated "amidst the clash of arms, and with such precipitous haste that on the very day of seeing his captive enemy he had been united unto her before the household gods of the enemy." He

receives Masinissa with a cheerful countenance, but taking him aside, says, "I suppose, Masinissa, that it was because you saw in me some good qualities that you at first came to me when in Spain, for the purpose of forming a friendship with me, and that afterwards in Africa you committed yourself and all your hopes to my protection. But of all those virtues, on account of which I seemed to you worthy of your regard, there is not one in which I gloried so much as temperance and the control of my passions. I could wish that you also, Masinissa, had added this to your other distinguished qualities. There is not, believe me, there is not so much danger to be apprehended by persons at our time of life from armed foes as from the pleasures which surround us on all sides. The man who by temperance has curbed and subdued his appetite for them, has acquired for himself much greater honour and a much more important victory than we now enjoy in the conquest of Syphax. I have mentioned with delight, and I remember with pleasure, the instances of fortitude and courage which you displayed in my absence. As to other matters, I would rather that you should reflect upon them in private than that you should be put to the blush by my reciting them. Syphax was subdued and captured under the auspices of the Roman people; therefore he himself, his wife, his kingdom, his territories, his towns and their inhabitants, in short, every thing which belonged to him, is the booty of the Roman people, and it was proper that the king himself and his consort, even though she had not been a citizen of Carthage, even though we did not see her father commanding the armies of our enemies, should be sent to Rome, and that the senate and people of Rome should judge and determine respecting her who is said to have alienated from us a king in alliance with us, and to have precipitated him into war with us. Subdue your

passions. Beware how you deform many good qualities by one vice, and mar the credit of so many meritorious deeds by a degree of guilt more than proportioned to the value of its object."

While Masinissa heard these observations, he not only became suffused with blushes, but burst into tears; and after declaring that he would submit to the discretion of the general, and imploring him that, as far as circumstances would permit, he would consider the obligation he had rashly imposed upon himself, for he had promised that he would not deliver her into the power of any one, he retired in confusion into his own tent. There, dismissing his attendants, he spent a considerable time amid frequent sighs and groans, which could be distinctly heard by those who stood around the tent. At last, heaving a deep groan, he called one of his servants in whom he confided, in whose custody poison was kept, according to the custom of kings, as a remedy against the unforeseen events of fortune, and ordered him to mix some in a cup and carry it to Sophons'ba; at the same time informing her that Masinissa would gladly have fulfilled the first obligation which as a husband he owed to her, his wife; but since those who had the power of doing so had deprived him of the exercise of that right, he now performed his second promise, that she should not come alive into the power of the Romans. That, mindful of her father the general, of her country, and of the two kings to whom she had been married, she would take such measures as she herself thought proper. When the servant came to Sophons'ba bearing this message and the poison, she said: "I accept this nuptial present; nor is it an unwelcome one, if my husband can render me no better service. Tell him, however, that I should have died with greater satisfaction had I not married so near

upon my death." The spirit with which she spoke was equalled by the firmness with which she took and drained the chalice, without exhibiting any symptom of perturbation.

From this little sketch, wherein a stalwart and brave man demands and exacts the life of his love as a victim to his pride, and a penalty for his weakness, there is a revelation of brutality deeper in its degradation than is common to any literary composition of which I have knowledge.



INNER WALLS OF TEBESSA.



## PROLOGUE TO AN AUTUMN PILGRIMAGE.

BY GEORGE MILNER.

[NOTE.—The following study in the manner of Chaucer is only to be regarded as a literary recreation. It was written to accompany a clever caricature after Stothard's *Canterbury Pilgrims*.]

- WHAN that Septembere nyghe his cours had ronne,  
And erly for to settë gins the sonne:  
Whan allë croppës have ben gaddered in,  
And leves to reeden on the trees begin;  
5 Whan he that from his wonyng erly goes  
Schalle have the frosty ryme upon his nose;  
Whan idel hinde that maketh noontyde bedd  
In orchard garth schall have about his hedd  
The rody appels tumbled in a schowre;  
10 Whan Patrefam returneth from his toure,  
With his good wyfe and children alle in train,  
And thanketh Heven he goeth not again  
For eny plesaunce now for moneth twelve,  
But only grubbeth and so please himselve;  
15 Befel, that as oure wont on Automn daye  
In jolie felawschipe we wend oure waye.  
  
Certes, a wondre companye I ween  
As eny man togidderes yet hath seen;  
Of meny ages and of sondrie size,

- 20 Both wise and foly lookyng ; but al wise,  
Or so, forsoth, they thinken hem to be.  
Of eche of hem, so as it seemed to me,  
Methinketh it accordant to resoun,  
To telle you allë the condicioun ;  
25 And eke in what array that they were inne.

- And with Syr Roland I wol first begynne,  
And sett him attë formest of hem alle,  
So that he be not hidden, being smalle :  
He is a gentil frend, and mochel kynd ;  
30 A better felaw schulde men nowher fynd ;  
His berde is yellowe as the wheaten strow,  
And fierce about his mouthë hangeth low  
And longë, so that littel childre might  
Thereon themselvës swingen for delyte :  
35 Yet is his heed ne smallë, this I knowe,  
It is almost a spannë brood, I trowe :  
Aloft he holdeth in his haund a penne  
Wherewith, as with a pole, he poketh menne ;  
A sowkinge Aldurman, is he, or Mayor ;  
40 Heven send hym hammes and paunch to fill the  
chayer.

- Besyde of hym a mighty man ther was ;  
For Rolandes biggë broder mote he pas ;  
For he alsoe had hairës bright and reed,  
Lyke mornyng sonnës rayes about his heed ;  
45 The hot somer had maad his hew al broun ;  
Ne was no better man in al the toun ;  
If eny daungre thingë be in view  
We put hym heedmest of the dredeful crew,  
For if he do but lift his roaryng cry,

- 50 No wodē dogge or bull but straight wolde fly :  
 He is a doughty chaunter of a tune ;  
 His haund is large as any delvers shoon.  
 And if in love he grasp yowre fingris, then  
 Beware, for he mote cruish alle of the tenne.
- 55 Wel cowde he knowe a draught of nuttie ale ;  
 Of hym ther is ne eny longer tale,  
 But only this, Syr Anak, was he highte.
- With hym ther was Syr Will, a sotel wighte ;  
 All japes of jogelrye wel doth he knowe,
- 60 A tannere in a tankard can he blowe,  
 And cheat youre eyghēn with the changing cardes ;  
 He hath in herte long stavēs of the bardes ;  
 And whan he fareth through the forest wide,  
 He cutteth twigges, and moche it is his pride,
- 65 To carve and shape hem into sticks for menne.  
 Of merrie talēs hath he thriēs tenne,  
 And though he taketh not his parte in songe  
 Right welle he doeth what he undirfonge.
- Ther was alsoe with him Syr Dibidene ;
- 70 No swoter felaw evere mote be seen ;  
 He hath a wisdom-forhede, bare and highe,  
 Wherfrom the scanty hair abak doth fly,  
 As from a buisch that staundeth loft and lone  
 The topmost twigges are by the wynd yblown ;
- 75 And whan he thinketh deep he plucketh berde  
 And twisteth it until men ben aferde  
 It will to littel stringēs al be turned ;  
 In tongue of Yspanolia he is lerned ;  
 Than his no voyse of man is mo parfyte,
- 80 And like a mayvis both the day and nighte  
 He singeth, al owre Companye to please,  
 Right merrie songēs of the woods and seas.

- Him folwed aftur Maistre Gullivere ;  
 Noon can outwalken hym, or overbere ;  
 85 He renneth up a montain lyke a roe,  
 And cometh doune, and, pardie, eateth mo  
 Than eny thriës men schulde attë noones ;  
 Ma-fey, he is al mussle and al boones,  
 And wondurly delyver, and gret of strengthe ;  
 90 His schoulders are nighe brode as is his lengthe ;  
 If eny feynte upon the ruggy weye  
 For him alle tenderlie he maketh stay,  
 And carryeth him right forward on his bak ;  
 He putteth rocks and stones in 's knappësack  
 95 To make him grottoes for his fernëreighe ;  
 He swymmeth in his boots—I do not lye—  
 And pleyeth ches, and kicketh attë balle,  
 So as ne oder manne emang hem alle.

- Ther was Sir Greenëgors—moche loveth hee  
 100 Trouth and honoür, freedome and courtesie ;  
 He sticketh evere by the oldë weyes,  
 And giveth fyrst and most his love and praise  
 To hem that on hire sleevës wear the blewe ;  
 He lyketh greyberds and smal childern too ;  
 105 He hath a peakëd berde, and sharp visäge,  
 And bereth hedd aloft in high coräge ;  
 He needeth nat for gyde a fingris post,  
 For that he only seeketh to be lost,  
 Whilkë he soon accomplysheth, and straight  
 110 Is mightilie y-pleasëd with hys fate,  
 And smoketh moche, and hath ne oder want,  
 Nor woldë take the Queenis for his aunt.

Sir Smyth Golytelie was ther with us too—  
 On Automn pylgrymages fresshe and newe ;



- 115 Yet haddē travelled moche in meny launde,  
And seen al wondre things in straungē stronde,  
Had wend acros unkouthē Atlantik sea,  
And overe Apennine in Ytalie;  
Full longē wern his leggos and ful lene,  
120 Al like a staff, ther was no calf y-seen,  
And in his walke he bendeth as a crane;  
Maugre his whitē berd, yet is it plaine  
He hath the herte of youthede in hym still,  
And loveth men, and hath a gentil will.
- 125 With hym ther goeth Maistre Serge along—  
A merrie man, for he will trylle a song  
Forthryght in beddē sone as breaketh morn;  
His top is dockēd lyke a preest biforn;  
Ful many a fat partrich had he in mewe,  
130 And many a brem and many a luce in stewe;  
Right so, as David in his Psalmēs saith,  
His mouthē fullē wide he openeth,  
And with his laughter filleth it himselve;  
Pardee, he is a reccheles, jolye elve,  
135 And as a goblyn rambleth he anyghte  
From roume to roume, and putteth out eche light,  
And tumbleth men out of hire quiet beds,  
And setteth jordanes underneath hire heads  
Hid in the pilweberes, and stealeth soe  
140 Chalouns and schertes, that nakyd to and fro  
They wandern in the mistihede and cry  
What they wolde do to hym an he were nighe;  
Nor rekkē where he goe, ne where he be,  
Ne cureth so he have good companie;  
145 And evere highe his hertē doth he bear  
And looketh lightlie on his mochel care.

- Ther was alsoe with us Sir Issakë,  
 A gravë man and great Philosophree;  
 If any list he talketh al day long,  
 150 And speketh welle in meny fremdë tongue,  
 And maketh solemn dilatacioun;  
 He knoweth Eneydos, and Yllidon;  
 Schi King and Rubaiyat of Omar Khyme,  
 And al renounëd gestes of auncient tyme;  
 155 His hedd is ful to brim—ther is ne fere  
 Of that, parfay; and as the carpentere  
 For everiche planke hath got hys propir nail,  
 So he for everiche circumstaunce his tale,  
 Whyche oft he telleth, until this befall,  
 160 Men say—"Alas, for we have heard hem alle;"  
 Wel cowde he sit on hors and fairë ryde;  
 And mochel more good tale of hym bisyde  
 Now mote I tel, but say this onlie thing—  
 He is a marvel wight to daunce and sing.  
 165 And last ther cometh old Sir Mellëbrok,  
 Who gadred hem togider in a flok;  
 And certys what is written here is his,  
 Ne of hymselfe he schulde not speke I wis,  
 But this he saith—Two thingës like he most—  
 170 And first, biforn he join his faders goste,  
 To see som littel werke in eorthë done;  
 And next, of allë thingës under sonne,  
 He careth most to keep the love of frends  
 174 For hertës cheer, now and whan dayslighte ends.

## NOTES.

Line 10.—"Patrefam." This is probably intended for "*paterfamilias*;" or it might mean the "familiar father"—in later English, "the governor."

Line 23.—This line and a few others seem to be taken from some older writer. These ancient poets were unblushing plagiarists, and stole from each other with what is called the *splendid audacity of genius*.

Line 34.—An instance of that fine [exaggeration which, as the critics tell us, is of the essence of all true poetry. Line 52 is almost equally fine in the same direction. One cannot too much admire this bold disregard of the actual truth in favour of that æsthetic verity which is so much higher and nobler than its matter-of-fact congener.

Line 60.—There is evidently some obscurity here ; but it by no means detracts from the beauty of the passage. It could hardly be imagined that a "tanner" by any sleight could be blown into a tankard ; unless, indeed, the leather-curiers of those days were very small, or the drinking vessels very large. It has been suggested that "tanner" might have been a piece of slang for an unimportant silver coin.

Line 112.—The allusion here is quite occult and very curious. Probably reference is made to some now-forgotten saying or custom. We have to contend, however, in this case with more than a verbal difficulty. Sir Greenegors was obviously a person of pronounced loyalty, and it is not a little singular that the poet should depict him as regarding with levity, if not with positive indifference, a proposed relationship with the highest power of the realm.

Lines 125, 146.—The whole picture of the striking and original character here called *Maistre Serge* is done with a free and graphic hand. It is worthy of notice that no mention is made of *Maistre Serge's* behaviour during the daytime. From this it may be concluded that he was a person of innocent and harmless temper until after the set of sun.





## THE PARAPHRASES.

BY THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

IT would not be necessary to explain to any one of Scottish nationality that what are called "The Paraphrases" are certain selected portions of the Sacred Scriptures turned into verse, and adopted, along with the Metrical Psalms, for devotional use in the Scottish Churches.

Of the Psalms of David, as is well known, there are several metrical versions. The Scottish version was completed in 1650.

Whilst the aim of the writers of the latter was to reproduce, as near as might be, the exact words of the Psalmist, the sentences are frequently inverted. This has the effect of giving a ruggedness to the verses, which are often stilted, and, as it were, cross-grained in texture.

The Paraphrases are a distinct collection, and are not as strictly limited in their adherence to the original text as are the Psalms. In their composition greater latitude was taken. Their authors, whilst carefully embodying the sentiments expressed in the Biblical passages, allowed themselves a wider liberty in the language employed. Whilst the words of the original are retained as far as possible, the spirit is the same throughout. There is,

however, frequently a departure from the actual words of the text to meet the exigencies of rhythm and rhyme. Hence they are more polished than, if not as masculine as, the Metrical Psalms.

Noble though many of the latter are, and unsurpassed in rugged grandeur and strength, there are portions of others which give a prosaic turn to what in the actual text is language of a highly poetical cast. This can hardly be said of any of the Paraphrases. Their versification runs smoothly; they have a poetical expression which renders them attractive and rememberable, and are therefore more acceptable than the Psalms to certain minds, especially to the young.

The Paraphrases were originally completed in 1745, by a committee appointed by the Kirk General Assembly in 1742, and another committee to revise them was subsequently appointed by the General Assembly in 1775. The new and revised collection, as we now have them, appeared in 1781. They are described as "Translations and Paraphrases in Verse of several Passages of Sacred Scripture, collected and prepared by a Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in order to be sung in Churches."

They are sixty-seven in all, and to them are added five hymns. Though comparatively few in number, they deal with every phase of Christian truth and experience, and every doctrinal point in the religion of Protestantism. Of the total number, sixty-three are in common measure and four in long measure. It is characteristic of those who undertook the selection that there are no fantastic rhythms, no complex metres, nothing *outré*, to divert the attention from the subject matter. Ornamentation of theasket enshrining the sentiments was eschewed, but the workmanship, if plain, is substantial.

The Metrical Psalms, rather than the Paraphrases, are selected for devotional purposes in the kirks, the proportion in the usage being probably about nine times in ten. The reason for this preference is that the language of the Paraphrases, being more of a departure from the inspired Word than the language of the Psalms, they are not considered as appropriate as the other for addressing the Almighty in praise.

The Paraphrases are deemed more suitable as school exercises, and very great use is (or was) made of them for this purpose. Indeed, they are considered to be an indispensable part of a Scotch schoolboy's and schoolgirl's education. The pieces have to be committed to memory at home, week by week, and then repeated aloud in the school. No comment is made on doctrinal points. In other words, the Bible truths are conveyed and received without comment; so that no sectarian bigotry accompanies their inculcation and reception. Thus learnt in childhood and youth, they remain for ever graven on the mind, and there is a constant recurrence of the lines in their applicability to the affairs of every-day life, and all through life.

The Paraphrases were not all written by authors of Scottish nationality. Of the total number, twenty-five are the composition of Dr. Isaac Watts, and four are by Dr. Philip Doddridge. The remainder are chiefly by John Logan, William Cameron, Michael Bruce, John Morison, W. Robertson, Dr. Hugh Blair, and others. Of the five added hymns, three are by Addison, one by Dr. Watts, and one by Logan. It must be pointed out, however, that important alterations were made in the various pieces by the members of the committee appointed to make the revision, notably by William Cameron and John Logan; and I think it will be admitted by those who are

familiar with them that these alterations are, almost without exception, improvements upon the original Paraphrase.

Some of the best pieces in the collection were written by John Logan, author of the well-known "Ode to the Cuckoo" and "The Braes o' Yarrow."

I do not care to enter into the question of the disputed authorship as between Michael Bruce and Logan, except to say that the Paraphrases in dispute are inseparably associated with the name of the latter. Taking full account of all that has been written on both sides of the controversy, whilst there are certain reprehensible traits in the character of Logan (though these have been grossly exaggerated), the evidence adduced in favour of Bruce as the author, is, in my opinion, far from conclusive. Logan published his volume containing the celebrated Ode and the disputed Paraphrases in the year 1781; he died in 1788, and his claim to their authorship was not seriously called in question during his lifetime, nor indeed until the year 1837, or nearly fifty years after his death. In that year the Rev. William MacKelvie, D.D., of Balgedie, published an edition of Bruce's poems, with a life of the author, purporting to be from "original sources," in which he claims for Bruce the authorship of the Ode and the various Paraphrases previously attributed to Logan. Subsequently other writers have supported MacKelvie in his contention, notably the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, of Kinross (afterwards of Blackburn), the well-known *litterateur* and editor, who, in 1865, published, with a memoir and notes, the "Works of Michael Bruce;" and later, the Rev. John Julian, in his "Hymnological Dictionary."

The opposite view, in vindication of Logan, is taken by the Rev. Robert Small, of Edinburgh, in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* for 1879, and by Mr. William

Tidd Matson, of Southampton, in a pamphlet published in 1892, so that the controversy is alive to this day, and is not likely ever to be settled.

Giving due weight to all that has been advanced both against and for Logan, it must be said that the strictures of some of the writers on both sides are much too strong; their language is altogether unbecoming ministers of the Gospel and writers of hymns. They protest too much, using strong and even violent and indecent language to buttress weak arguments.

It is known that versions of three of the Paraphrases claimed by Logan, and included (with alterations) in his volume of 1781, were contained in the edition of the Paraphrases printed by Robert Fleming and Co., Printers to the Church of Scotland, Edinburgh, 1745, whereas Logan was not born till 1748. But reprehensible as it is to appropriate what belongs to another, it cannot be gainsaid that Logan introduced substantial improvements in the wording of each, and so may have felt justified on that account in claiming them. Such, indeed, must be the true reason for his having done so; for it is evident that the versions of 1745 would be well known. To pirate them was out of the question. The printing of these in his volume of 1781 only goes to substantiate his claim to the particular versions he gives therein.

Like all religious poetry, the Paraphrases are necessarily limited in their range. Sacred verse, from its inherent character, is subject to limitations which tend to hamper the poet's gift of imagination, and this is especially true of paraphrastic verse. The writers are restricted to the ideas and sentiments, and, to some extent, even to the words supplied ready to their hand in the Scriptural passages. It is not, therefore, to be expected that the imaginative faculty of the poet can have full play. On the other hand,



there is poetry of a high order in some of the original Scripture passages themselves, and this is usually preserved or reproduced in the metrical renderings.

But whether all or any of these may or may not be claimed as being or containing poetry is of comparatively small moment. They were poetry of a very genuine and striking kind to us in our young days, and they are poetry to us still, not only in what they contain, but in their rich and bright associations with our budding years, and that is enough. Certainly they were all, or nearly all, comprehensible even by our small schoolboy intellects, and that is good.

As hymns, the Paraphrases are of high excellence. There is hardly a weak verse in any of them, and they are equally free from exaggerated and inflated language. They appeal both to the intellect and to the heart. Undoubtedly some of the verses appeal to the imagination, and that at least is evidence of their poetical quality.

Apart, however, from their intrinsic merits considered as poetry and literature, it is a great advantage for youth to have implanted in the mind so much of good impressions, helping in after years to the exclusion of base thoughts. I am doubtful as to whether the Paraphrases continue to form, as in bygone years, an important part of the Scotch schoolboy's exercises. I hope they do. If they do not, if they have have dropped out of the curriculum of the day school, it is a grave misfortune.





## THE LITERARY HISTORY OF THE COMEDY OF "THE DRUMMER."

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THERE has always been some uncertainty as to the authorship of *The Drummer*, but the whole circumstances of its literary history are of sufficient interest and complexity to merit a closer inquiry.

### THE STAGE HISTORY OF "THE DRUMMER."

*The Drummer* was first produced at Drury Lane, March 10, 1716, and although the players were actors of consummate ability it was received "with cold disapprobation." The name of the author was not stated. The piece ran only three nights. Its subsequent stage history has not been much more fortunate. It was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, February 2, 1722, with Hippisley as Vellum. When again brought out at Drury Lane, October 3, 1738, it ran for three nights. The playbill intimated that "the audience having been much disgusted at the performance being interrupted by persons crowding on the stage, it is humbly hoped none will take it ill that they cannot be admitted behind the scenes in future." *The Drummer* appeared for one night at Covent Garden, January 23, 1745, with the younger Cibber as Tinsel, Hippisley as Vellum, Ryan as Sir George Truman, Mrs. Horton as the heroine, and Mrs. Mullart as Abigail. It was played about

nine times at Drury Lane, beginning January 25, 1754, with Mrs. Clive as Abigail and Mrs. Pritchard as Lady Truman. On January 28, 1762, it was acted at Covent Garden, with Shuter as Vellum, Mrs. Pitt as Abigail, and Mrs. Ward as the heroine. It was twice acted. On January 29, 1762, *The Drummer* was produced at Drury Lane and ran for about three nights. This revival at the two houses was due not to any conviction of the merits of the comedy, but to the fact that the "town" was going silly over the imposture of the Cock Lane ghost. After an interval of eight years the play was placed again on the stage of Drury Lane, with Parsons as Vellum, Miss Pope as Abigail, and Mrs. Hopkins as Lady Truman. Reduced to two acts and now denominated a farce, *The Drummer* appeared at Covent Garden, January 24, 1786. It was produced at Bath, March, 1790. The last time it appeared on the English stage was at Drury Lane, December 13, 1794, when it was arranged in three acts with Dodd as Vellum, Miss Pope as Abigail, and Mrs. Goodall as Lady Truman. These details are derived entirely from Geneste, and sufficiently show that *The Drummer* never succeeded in gaining any firm hold upon an English audience. In Dibdin's "Annals of the Edinburgh Theatre" there is one entry relating to this play: "On the following evening (March 16, 1756), for the benefit of Mr. Thomson, late manager of the theatre, *The Drummer*, by the late ingenious Mr. Addison. Tickets at Mr. Thomson's house at the Abbey."

## CONTROVERSY AS TO AUTHORSHIP.

Sir Richard Steele sold the copyright of *The Drummer* to Jacob Tonson, March 12th, 1715-16, for fifty guineas, and it was printed in quarto in the same year—1716—with a preface by Steele, in which the piece is very highly praised. "The scenes were written very much

after Moliere's manner," and "an easie and natural vein of humour ran through the whole." Even its want of success is not acknowledged: "As it is not in the common way of writing, the approbation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity in several of its parts for as just and good action as ever I saw on the stage." This is not precisely the manner in which it might be expected to hear a Patentee speaking of a play that, according to Geneste, had only a three nights run. Steele regarded the play as the work of his friend Addison, and imparted this impression to Tonson when selling the copyright. Whether he conveyed the same impression elsewhere is not known, but after Addison's death on the 17th June, 1719, he explicitly informed the publisher that *The Drummer* was the work of Addison.

The first collection of Addison's writings was made by Thomas Tickell, and published by Tonson in 1721. In this edition *The Drummer* is omitted. Sir Richard Steele re-issued it in its pamphlet form with a second preface in the shape of a letter to Congreve. In this he complains severely of the ungenerous manner in which he held he had been treated by Tickell. As to *The Drummer*, he says that he would not have written the first preface had he thought that any other than Addison "had much more to do than as an Amanuensis." Further, he adds—"I will put all my credit among men of art for the truth of my averment, when I presume to say that no one but Mr. Addison was in any other way [than as amanuensis] the writer of *The Drummer*: at the same time I will allow that he sent for me, which he could always do from his natural power over me, as much as he could send for any of his clerks when he was Secretary of State, and told me that a gentleman then in the room had written a play that he was sure I would like, but it was to

be a secret, and he knew I would take as much pains, since he recommended it, as I would for him."

The language here attributed to Addison does not amount to a claim to the authorship, but may perhaps be interpreted as intended to give that impression, and Steele's account receives an incidental corroboration in the statement of Theobald, who, in a note to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, says—"The ingenious Mr. Addison, I remember, told me that he sketched out the character of Vellum in the comedy called *The Drummer* purely from this model"—that is, the character of Saint in the *Scornful Lady*.

Tonson apparently carried out a threat to Steele to sell the copyright, for what was the third edition of the play appeared with the following title page:—

"*The Drummer or the Haunted House*; a comedy. With a preface by Sir Richard Steele, and his letter to Mr. Congreve concerning the Author of this play, etc. London: Printed for the Company of Booksellers." This forms part of a collection of the Best English Plays, Vol. XIV., published about 1723, as the plays in this volume range from 1721 to 1723. At page 23 there is the following important statement: "Advertisement concerning the author of this Play. Mr. Harrison, an ingenious Gentleman who had written several *Tatlers* after Mr. Steele had dropt them, undertook afterwards to write a play called *The Drummer or the Haunted House*, under the direction and tutorship of Mr. Addison, as he told a friend of his at the Hague where he was Secretary to the Earl of Strafford in 1710. That friend, to whom Mr. Harrison read some scenes of his Play, thinks they were much the same as here in this Play; but he cannot be positive, that Mr. Harrison had quite finished his Play, or tell what alterations Mr. Addison may have made in it after Mr. Harrison's death, which was in 1712. Mr. Tickell may be best able to give an account

of that; and this hint may serve to justify him for not joining this play with Mr. Addison's works."

The *Drummer* has been several times reprinted since then, and generally without the letter to Congreve, and always without the important "Advertisement." It may now be useful to turn to the Mr. Harrison who is there named.

WILLIAM HARRISON, COLLABORATEUR OR AMANUENSIS.

William Harrison was the son of Dr. Harrison, Master of St. Cross, Winchester, and was entered in the register of Winchester School, in 1698, when he was thirteen years old. He was famous as a youth for his power of extempore versification, which was then much in use at the school. Whilst there he wrote a satire on the Winchester ladies, and his poem on Woodstock Park soon after going to New College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow. This poem drew from Addison the flattering remark that "This young man in his very first attempt has exceeded most of the best writers of his age." On the recommendation of Addison he became tutor to a son of the Duke of Queensberry, and whilst in the receipt of £40 a year for his care of the young gentleman, he received from Addison the sensible advice to "read a good History of England, that you may know the affairs of your own country." Harrison, who had the sense to follow this advice, attracted the notice of Dean Swift, by whose influence with St. John, possibly aided by that of Addison with Lord Raby, he became secretary to Lord Raby (afterwards Earl of Strafford), when he was ambassador at the Hague. There is a painful letter, written by Harrison from Utrecht, Dec. 16, 1712, for it shows that notwithstanding the high appointment he had received, the Government refrained from paying his salary, which was nominally £1,000 a year, so that he was in great straits. He speaks frankly of his difficulties, and with ardent gratitude to Swift for exertions on his behalf. This

appears in Scott's "Dryden," Vol. XVI., p. 39 ; but, with many other references to William Harrison, is wrongly indexed. The entries in Swift's "Journal to Stella" are numerous, and give a vivid picture of this, the most important period of Harrison's life. They show, too, what a hold the clever young man had upon Swift's heart, and the efforts the Dean made to promote his fortunes, whilst styling his *Tatlers* "trash."

Dr. Young told Joseph Spence that when Harrison came over with the Barrier Treaty he "went to Court very richly dressed, on a birthnight within a month after his return, caught a violent cold there, which brought on a fever and carried him off. He was a little brisk man, quick and passionate, rather foppish in his appearance, a pretty look and a quick eye. His family were all handsome." Swift has this entry under date February 14, 1712-13:—"I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door ; my mind misgave me ; I knocked, and his man, in tears, told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me ! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral, with as little cost as possible, to-morrow, at ten at night. Lord Treasurer was much concerned when I told him I could not dine with Lord Treasurer nor anywhere else ; but got a bit of meal toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so much ; poor creature !" Tickell and Young have also left on record their admiration for this "much-loved youth," and their sorrow at his untimely fate.

Such is the record of this young man's brief, brilliant, and pathetic career. There is but little left to justify for him a place in English literature, and it is the more difficult to make any claim on his behalf that his writings have never been collected. There exist from his pen

various essays in collections. Thus, there are the verses mentioned by Swift in Tonson's sixth "Miscellany." In the second number of the *Tatler* he wrote the verses entitled "The Medicine"—a humorous story based upon a passage in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." When Steele discontinued the *Tatler* Harrison started it afresh and edited fifty-two numbers, 13th January, 1711, to 19th May, 1711. These form what is sometimes called the "Fifth Volume" of the *Tatler* but although Swift and Congreve were among the contributors, the new periodical did not maintain the reputation of its predecessor. He wrote an "Ode to the Duke of Marlborough," which is printed in Duncombe's translation of Horace. In Nichol's "Select Collection of Poems" there are the following: "To Mrs. M. M., with a bough of an orange tree" (Vol. IV., p. 180); "In Praise of Laudanum" (p. 181); "To a very Young Lady" (p. 182); "On the Death of a Lady's Cat" (p. 182); "The Passion of Sappho" (p. 183); "The Medicine" (Vol. VII., p. 234). In Dodsley's "Collection of Poems" there is "Woodstock Park, 1706" (Vol. V. p. 227). This is his longest attempt in verse, but the fashion of such descriptive writing is entirely obsolete. Marlborough, Addison, Garth, and Congreve are named. His lines "In Praise of Laudanum" may be quoted as possibly the expression of an English opium-eater before De Quincey:

I feel, O Laudanum, thy power divine,  
And fall with pleasure at thy slumbering shrine;  
Lull'd by thy charms, I 'scape each anxious thought,  
And everything but Mira is forgot.

#### TRANSLATIONS OF "THE DRUMMER."

A word may be said as to the influence of *The Drummer* upon foreign literature. Phillippe Néricault Destouches, the French dramatist, was in England from 1717 to 1743, and here may have become familiar with *The Drummer*, of which he wrote an adaptation, "Le Tambour Nocturne," in 1733.



It was not one of his most successful pieces, from a literary point of view, but was favourably received when placed on the stage after his death. The editor of the works of Destouches repeats a curious statement that an Italian translation was condemned by the Inquisition to be burnt. Destouches' version is in prose, but there was another adaptation issued in 1737, in verse par M[onsieu]r D\* D\* [Descaseaux Desgranges]. It also attracted the notice of J. C. Gottsched, and "Das Gespenste mit der Trummel" is included in the second volume of his "Deutsche Schaubuhne," Leipzig, 1742. Gottsched translated, amongst many other things, Addison's "Cato."

#### THE ORIGIN OF "THE DRUMMER."

It frequently happens that the origin of a play can be definitely traced, and plots have often been freely appropriated. *The Drummer* is, however, an original drama, and no real analogue has yet been indicated. Addison's latest biographer, Mr. Leslie Stephen, calls *The Drummer* "a prose comedy founded on the story of the drummer of Tedworth, told in Glanvil's 'Saducismus Triumphatus.'" This assertion, which appears to have no solid foundation, I have not been able to find any trace of before the appearance of a paragraph in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1796 (p. 6). The statement, not made very positively, was included in "Addisoniana," in 1803. This book is an amusing, but not very authoritative, publication, issued by Sir Richard Phillips. "Upon this story, related to him in early life, it is said Mr. Addison imbibed the first idea of writing his play of *The Drummer, or the Haunted House*." This was repeated and amplified by John Timbs, who had been the amanuensis of Phillips, when he published, under the pseudonym of Horace Welby, in 1825, a book since several times reprinted, entitled "Signs after Death." Timbs observes: "Every one has heard of the

comedy of *The Drummer, or the Haunted House*, celebrated enough in its day, but the popularity of which ceased when the affair was no longer a topic of conversation."

This is sufficient in itself to show the baselessness of the theory, for the affair at Tedworth happened in 1661—1663, and *The Drummer* was not put upon the stage until 1715. Nor is there the slightest resemblance between the story told by Glanvil and the drama upon which it is said to be based. Glanvil's narrative is that a mendicant drummer, travelling with a forged pass, was detected by Mr. Mompesson of Tedworth in Wiltshire, who had the drum taken from him and ordered the constable to take him before a magistrate. The constable let the vagrant off, but sent the drum to Mompesson's house, which soon after had the reputation of being haunted. The chief annoyance was a frequent noise of thumping and drumming. This was chiefly in the children's room, but other parts of the house were affected. Beds were lifted, a Bible thrown in the ashes, and various articles moved about without any apparent cause. The drummer was tried at Gloucester Assizes for felony and sentenced to transportation, but evaded the sentence. Glanvil says "but by some means—it is said by raising storms and affrighting the seamen—he made shift to come back again," and the disturbances recommenced. Mompesson then indicted him at Salisbury Assizes in 1663 "for a witch," and upon evidence that he said "I have plagued him, and he shall never be quiet until he hath made me satisfaction for taking away my drum," the grand jury found a bill, but the petty jury with greater sense acquitted him. Gradually the disturbances died away apparently without any discovery of their real origin. Glanvil's narrative is quoted in Ennemoser's "History of Magic," and other works; but it will

be seen that the incidents have not the slightest resemblance to the plot of *The Drummer*.

There is an earlier attempt to localise *The Drummer*. In the picturesque ruin of Herstmonceux Castle there is a room still known as the "Drummer's Hall." This was shown to Horace Walpole in August, 1752. "They showed us," he says, "a dismal chamber, which they call Drummer's Hall, and suppose that Mr. Addison's comedy is descended from it." Evidently Walpole did not attach much importance to the claims of Herstmonceux.

Mr. W. J. Courthope declares, "There appears to be no good reason for doubting that *The Drummer* was the work of Addison. . . . The plot is poor and trivial, nor does the dialogue, though it shows in many passages traces of its author's peculiar vein of humour, make amends by its brilliancy for the tameness of the dramatic situation." Dr. Joseph Warton calls it "that excellent and neglected comedy, that just picture of life and real manners, where the poet never speaks in his own person, or totally drops or forgets a character for the sake of introducing a brilliant simile or acute remark : where no train is laid for wit ; no Jeremys or Bens are allowed to appear."

The data now brought together, even if not sufficient for a definitive judgment, make it probable that the story of the house at Tedworth, haunted by a drummer, which Addison would hear in his boyhood, as his father's residence was in the same county and at no great distance, may have recurred to him in manhood as a fitting subject for treatment in a comedy. That he would suggest it to young William Harrison is not unlikely, seeing the interest that he took in him. The exact share of Harrison as author or amanuensis cannot now be determined, but whether great or little, it need not be doubted that to Addison it owes the excellent qualities of its style.



## THE NEW WOMAN.

BY J. D. ANDREW.

"THE proper study of mankind," according to Pope, "is Man," and certainly an investigation of the New Woman does seem to smack somewhat of impropriety. The inquirer tracks her devious ways with considerable trepidation as one who, treading on delicate ground, moves with cautious step, for he knows that the New Woman rushes in where Ordinary Man fears to tread. But, having undertaken such enterprise, let us brace ourselves to the task, and, shaking off our natural masculine squeamishness, boldly penetrate this region of "Gorgons and Chimeras dire" in a laudable desire to enrich our museum with some interesting specimen which may afford matter for wonderment to a future age.

The New Woman is the topic of the day—she is very much on the carpet, and is the lion of the social gathering—as the Psalmist says: "a ramping and a roaring lion." Her genesis is, therefore, of interest to us. Necessity is the mother of Invention. From the union of Journalism with Invention sprang the subject of our inquiry. Among the prolific progeny of Journalism and Invention none, perhaps, are so well known as the Tootles and the Screeds. The Tootle is an amiable being, much-loved of Editors. It is fond of basking in the sun and other innocent enjoy-

ment. It delights in a gigantic gooseberry, or a shower of frogs, and frolics with a sea-serpent, but it has serious moments, and oft (say in a "Daily Telegraph" leader) displays much erudition; when, commencing with the dedication of a parish pump, it proceeds through Dr. Johnson, Madame Pompadour, Charles Mathews, Mohammed, Sheridan, Ptolemy, and the labyrinths of the Pyramids to the hidden principle of hydrostatics. It is fond of chestnuts, and has but a brief life. Very different is the Screed, whose mission is to shock, to come upon you suddenly, as the frumious Bandersnatch, to make your hair curl, and your flesh creep. When you have read it you ejaculate—Good heavens! can such things be? It is as awe-inspiring as a turnip-headed bogey, and as productive of nightmare as a supper of cold pork.

In such questionable shape does this latest Screed, "The New Woman," revisit the realm of moonshine to harrow up our nineteenth century souls—such is her origin and nature as a topic.

But really and essentially what is she? Well, the wits have been at work defining her. She is "a new darn on the old blue stocking"—"mannishness but not manliness"—"Madam losing her head to become Adam." And so the ball is tossed about. The game tempts us too to try. So, we add—"Woman brought wo to man—the new woman adds another wo." And again—"The sphere of the old woman is contracted—wōman. The New Woman enlarges her sphere, and is more pronounced—wōman."

But this is, of course, mere ridicule, and the New Woman is not a subject for ridicule—indeed, she refuses to be a subject at all—she is quite serious, and in desperate earnest. She protests against being misrepresented, although some people think a little misrepresentation would improve her appearance. To describe her with

gravity, the New Woman is one who, claiming for her sex perfect equality—politically, socially, morally, and religiously—with man, denies his superior attributes, shakes off subjection, and laughs to scorn obedience.

That being so, we at once perceive that she is not new at all, but, on the contrary, as old as Adam, or, rather, as old as Eve, the wayward creature who (ignoring her husband's good advice) feloniously took that sour apple which to this day sticks in the throat of man—inflicted upon the world a moral indigestion and the dullest and dreariest of epic poems—lost us Paradise, and cursed us with "Paradise Lost."

But Milton, however irregular in his verse, had considerable experience with the sex, and was as orthodox as John Knox himself on the "Monstrous Regiment of Women." Witness the advice given by Raphael to the young husband:—

Weigh with her thyself,  
Then value : oft-times nothing profits more  
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right.  
Well managed : of that skill the more thou know'st,  
The more she will acknowledge thee her head.

And says Adam, when the new woman was beginning to manifest herself—

Nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.  
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.  
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So spake domestic Adam in his care  
And matrimonial love ; but Eve who thought  
Less attributed to her faith sincere,  
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Persisted yet to strive

in her wish for a temporary separation, and—as is usual in such cases—went to the devil forthwith.

Ever since then the New Woman has pestered the centuries. Noah's wife was a dreadful instance (if we may believe the old Mysteries), and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Noah could persuade her to come inside the Ark. Lot's daughters were exceedingly advanced in their aspirations. The New Woman was a perpetual trouble to Moses and the Prophets; the wisdom of Solomon availed not against her, and, when the reason of Socrates and the authority of Paul were as stubble before the wind, what could be expected of succeeding lesser sages.

From Eve, through the ages, down to Sarah Grand, the New Woman is ever woman forgetting herself, that she may not be forgotten.

The New Woman is eminently literary, and hides not her light under a bushel, so that we have no difficulty in ascertaining her views on things in general and herself in particular, which she conveys to us usually by the vehicle of fiction in a more or less graphic but invariably outspoken manner. Sydney Smith wrote, "Literature gives woman a real and proper weight in society, but then they must use it with discretion; if the stocking is blue, the petticoat must be long." But this Canon of St. Paul's (like all other canons) is unheeded—the stocking is of the bluest, the petticoat could hardly be scantier.

The "Story of an African Farm," by "Ralph Iron," *i.e.*, Olive Schreiner, is instructive. Lyndon, the heroine, is a sort of deep-thinking girl, of harum-scarum habits and abnormal proclivities. Self-emancipated at an early age from the trammels and conventions of religion and morality, and possessed by an inquiring mind, she surrenders herself to a mysterious Englishman with a "heavy flaxen moustache." When afterwards, alone at the farm, she is beginning to reap the harvest of her venture, she sends

him word she is about to marry another, which has the desired effect of bringing him again to her side. Then, however, she has apparently no other object than to sit on his knee, kiss him, and talk of the subjection of woman. She discloses to him the springs of her love—"Because you are strong; you are the first man I ever was afraid of, and"—a dreamy look came into her face—"because I like to experience, I like to try."

"If you do love me," he asked her, "why will you not marry me?"

"Because if I had been married to you for a year I should have come to my senses and seen that your hands and your voice are like the hands and voice of any other man. I cannot quite see that now. But it is all madness. You call into activity one part of my nature; there is a higher part that you know nothing of, that you never touch. If I married you, afterwards it would arise, and I should hate you always, as I do now sometimes." . . .  
"I cannot marry you because I cannot be tied; but if you wish you may take me away with you, and take care of me, then when we do not love any more we can say good-bye."

This very modest offer is accepted, and they drive off together; but soon after he leaves her, being probably satiated with her expositions of the New Morality. We next find her lying in a roadside inn, her babe (as usual in such fiction) sleeping in the little graveyard hard by. While she is here ill in bed, another lover (whom she despises) searches her out and becomes her nurse, touchingly disguising himself in woman's garb for that purpose. She dies on her way home in a bullock waggon, attended to the last by her faithful nurse, and soothes her dying moments by looking at herself in a glass.

"We are cursed," says she, incidentally, speaking of her



sex, "cursed from the cradle to the grave," and, so far as regards Lyndon herself, the masculine reader, who has been swearing at her all through the book, is disposed to agree; for, taken altogether, she is the most pragmatical, conceited, crooked, crack-brained creature that ever sprang from the brain of a lady novelist.

In "Dreams" the same author gives her philosophy of life in a series of allegories, of which "Three Dreams in a Desert" may suffice as an illustration of her views as to the relation of the sexes. The first dream shows us, prone in the sand of the desert, an overburdened beast. This is Woman. Man is standing by her side. The Interpreter says that in the oldest book it is recorded she lay there of old as now, but on the Rocks of Language, on the hard-baked clay of Ancient Customs, are found the marks of her footsteps, showing how once she wandered free with Man. The Age-of-dominion-of-muscular-force put on her, "when she stooped to give suck to her young and her back was broad," the burden of Subjection, and tied it on with the band of Inevitable Necessity. In the dream the band breaks and the burden rolls to the ground. The Interpreter explains that the Age of Muscular Force is dead; the Age of Nervous Force has killed him with his Knife of Mechanical Invention, and, the Inevitable Necessity being broken, the beast slowly and painfully staggers on to its knees. "Man cannot help her; she must help herself. Let her struggle till she is strong." In the second dream she has risen and escaped from the desert, but to gain the Land of Freedom she must cross a dark flowing river—"down the banks of Labour through the waters of Suffering." There is no bridge, the ford is dangerous, none have succeeded in crossing, "some have tried." Reason gives her his staff, and at his bidding she strips herself, and, casting off the mantle of Ancient-received-opinions (which

was full of holes) and the shoes of Dependence, she is naked but for the white garment of Truth. Finally, she is bidden to put down as a hindrance the infant Love that nestles in her breast, but is comforted by being told that he will meet her on her arrival in Freedom "a man then, not a child." "In your breast he cannot thrive," says Reason; "put him down that he may grow." She is told that thousands of thousands follow her, and though many will fail, yet their bodies will serve to bridge the passage of the entire human race.

The third dream shows her the Heaven of her aspiration—the Land of Freedom. Brave men and women walk hand in hand, looking into each other's eyes, and are not afraid. She is told this Heaven is on earth, and these things shall be in the Future.

From this and other of the "Dreams" we gather that the authoress is in accord with the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Tolstoi in the abnegation of sex, that the perfect Love is not Joy but Sympathy—that the greatest blessing to Man may be his separation from Woman—and the highest boon to human nature that the Ideal shall be as Real.

Sarah Grand, though inferior in expression and style, is more suited to the ordinary imbiber of Fiction. The "Heavenly Twins" are two pestiferous children, boy and girl, whose monkey tricks are recorded with the utmost minuteness until the reader grows to hate them with a fierce hatred.

Evadne, the heroine, marries a military man who has not previously led a chaste life, upon discovering which she renounces him utterly as a husband on her wedding day, bolts at a refreshment station and seeks refuge, but is, some time after, persuaded to share his home, of course, merely *pro forma*. When he has conveniently died she marries a medical man, of immaculate purity—a

sort of "seraphic doctor." Thrown in to make weight is an utterly preposterous interlude about an impeccable tenor, who sings in a cathedral choir and is idolised by all, but especially by the female twin, now respectably married to an old man. She disguises herself as a boy that she may enjoy nightly symposiums with the tenor. Through saving her from drowning he catches cold and dies in the full odour of sanctity, when he is discovered to have been all the time a landed proprietor or a lord, it is not quite clear which.

"The Yellow Aster" by "Iota," has also a couple of terrible children whose doings take up the first volume, when the girl comes out and is a society beauty. Humphrey Strange—a sort of compound of man of the world, heavy dragoon, philanthropist, wit, country gentleman and globe-trotter, falls in love at first sight, but as a preliminary to popping the question, says—"Miss Waring, I have come to ask if you will listen to the shady side of a man's life? . . . May I speak to you as man to man—or more, as if you were God."

"You may speak," she said in a hard, unshaken voice. Whereupon he plunges into the history of his past with woman, and tells her all. After hearing these interesting disclosures, which have been followed by a formal proposal, she consents to take him, carefully explaining that she does so not from love, but as "an experiment." She is married to him, but is dreadfully shocked by the marriage service, and is, as a wife, icily dutiful—nothing more. While out driving, the horses bolt, and just as the final crash is upon them, "One last experiment," thought Strange, laughing aloud, in a grim spasm of humour. "Gwen!" he shouted, "will you kiss me once as women kiss men?" "Why can't I kiss him and be done with it?" she thought, wildly. "Truth or lie, what matters it now?"

She cannot, though. "No!" she shouted, her eyes aflame, "if that had been possible, I shouldn't have left it until now." Then came the crash. After they have (unfortunately) escaped serious injury, she—about to become a mother—feels such shame that she goes home and he goes to Africa. A false report of his death arrives, but he returns unexpectedly, and they are united by the baby who, more powerful, we are told, than lawyer or priest succeeds in making them at last really "one flesh."

The book was the sensation of its year, according to the publishers. Some may think it the silliest.

If by their works we may know them, then, from these precious productions, we gather that the New Woman is very determinedly working out her own damnation with boldness and effrontery. She spurns man and defies God. She snatches at freedom, and finds herself more free than welcome. She brawls her rights and wrongs like potherbs in the streets, and the voice of the whilom charmer is heard crying stinking fish in the market-place. One is disinclined to discuss sociology with an anarchist—in the absence of fundamentals the question drops into chaos and is lost—and so it seems equally futile to attempt to reason with such people as these poor creatures, who measure the Deity with a dressmaker's tape and evolve a code of morality from the cobwebs of a disordered brain. Says Campbell—

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,  
And man, the hermit sigh'd—till woman smiled.

But that was the *Old* Woman—no smile of the New Woman, though it stretched from Dan to Beersheba, would lighten the sadness of mankind. Dear Old Woman! whose praises the ages have sung, whom we have known so well, and loved so fondly. Mother, at whose knees we have knelt in infancy—sister, whose fond care solaced our

boyhood—sweetheart, whose maiden loveliness enraptured our youth—wife, who has doubled our joys and halved our sorrows—you we know, but who are these?—these epicene monstrosities who would turn the world upside down to gain they know not what; who, blind alike to maiden modesty and maternal dignity, enter the arena of strife to struggle for an impossible freedom and a pernicious equality.

“One star differeth from another star in glory,” but each has its appointed sphere, and shines with a lustre peculiarly its own—so is it with man and woman. There is an old song, much beloved of our fathers, which tells of the creation of woman.

She did not come out of his head, sir,  
To rule and triumph over man;  
She did not come out of his feet, sir,  
By man to be trampled upon;  
But she came out of his side, sir,  
His equal co-partner to be,  
And when they're united in one, sir,  
The man is the top of the tree!

But the New Woman's dynamite has exploded all this; she is always in the indicative or the imperative mood, never in the subjunctive. What she *can* indicate, those who care to read Frau von Throll may easily discover; though it is only fair to admit that our English sisters have not got quite so far yet, perhaps in some degree owing to insular banality. As to her imperative mood, it is as impressive as the aspect of a pot lion; and she dictates with the authority of a spoilt child.

One would like to know what that forcibly-feeble failure, John Stuart Mill, who started the ball rolling with his treatise on the “Subjection of Woman,” would think of this unwomanly scrimmage which sets the despised male sex a-wondering. There is a consolation, however, in

reflecting that these frantic outbursts which disturb us are but the frenzies of foolish females, "the empty singers of an idle day," and that, despite the eccentricity of their utterances, their hearts are in the right place, and they themselves just as amenable to the matrimonial yoke, should opportunity offer, as the most commonplace woman of our acquaintance. To think otherwise would be an absurdity leading to an unimaginable future.

When the hysterical vapourings of anæmic hypochondriacs are preferred to all that "saint, sage, or sophist ever writ," when we consent to take our theology from an Olive Schreiner, our morality from a Sarah Grand, or our ideal of society from an "Iota," then, indeed, may the world rejoice in an extinct Dodo, and feast its gaze on a Yellow Aster. Then shall the Ideal become to us the Real, and (in that Land of Gotham) the sharpening of a saw shall be music in our ears, as we bask in the rays of a blue moon.



